









SOME  
SUMMER DAYS ABROAD

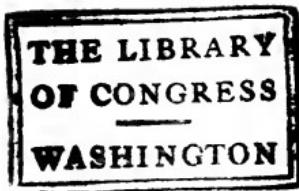
BY

WILLIAM STEVENS PERRY,

BISHOP OF IOWA.

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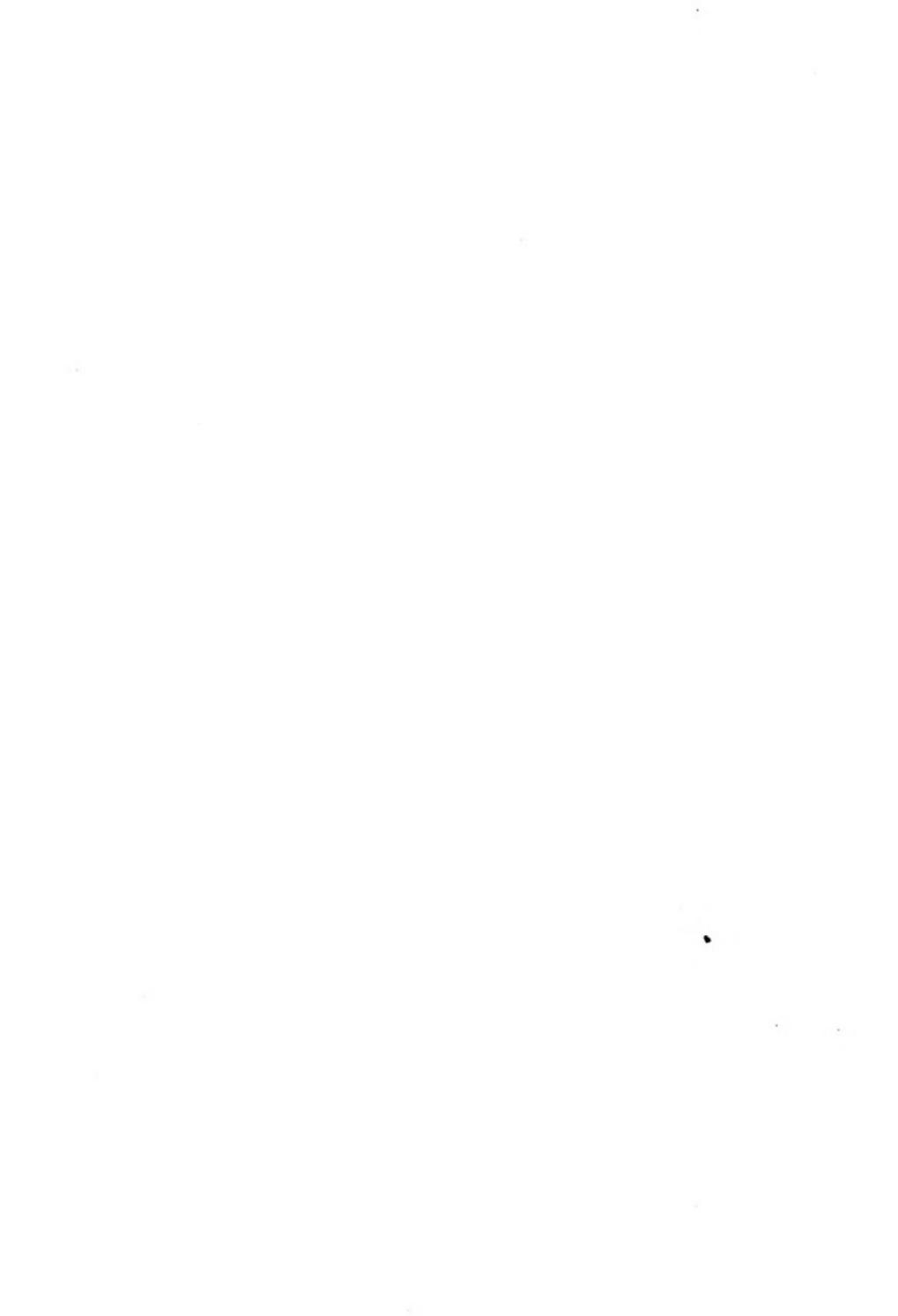
SARA A. W. PERRY:

THE BEST OF WIVES AND THE BEST OF TRAVELERS

THESE SKETCHES OF

DAYS SPENT TOGETHER ABROAD

ARE INSCRIBED.



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*"In Summer, making quest for works of art,  
Or scenes renowned for beauty*

—WORDSWORTH, *The Prelude.*

## P R E F A C E.

It is in compliance with the request of friends that these sketches, written amidst the scenes they describe, and intended as a record of most happy and profitable days abroad, are now re-issued from the columns of the daily and diocesan newspapers, where they originally appeared. That they contain an account of the Second Lambeth Conference of Bishops in communion with the Church of England, may give them a value they could not otherwise claim. Such as they are, they are published, as they were written, for the pleasure of the author and his friends.



## SOME SUMMER DAYS ABROAD.

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### I.

#### CHESTER.

MUCH as one may enjoy life on the ocean, the change from the broad, blue expanse of the Atlantic, to the green-sward and shaded lanes and by-ways, and the luxuriant hedge-rows and fields of England, is inspiring. No one would linger in Liverpool, with its ceaseless whirl of busy industries and its deafening roar of traffic, longer than to gather up one's luggage ; pass the brief investigations of the courteous officers of the Customs ; and hurry through the crowded streets to the station where the journey inland

is begun. Declining the honor of a public reception, tendered by the Archdeacon of Liverpool, who met us at the landing-stage despite the pouring rain; and leaving for others the speeches and "toasts" of a "breakfast," to which clergy and others had gathered near-by, we speedily reached the Lime-street Station, of the Northwestern railway, and were soon passing swiftly from spot to spot familiar to us from past acquaintance, but as fresh and beautiful as if never seen before. At once began that agreeable but startling revival of historic memories which enters so constantly into one's enjoyment abroad, as a station so familiar by name as "Edgehill" was passed, beautiful in its robe of verdure, and, save by name, giving no trace of the bloody struggle, two centuries and more ago, between Cavalier and Roundhead, when the history of the English race was changed by the issue of the fight. Station after station, embowered in flowers and climbing shrubs each neat and attractive in its style and keeping, were swiftly left behind; and almost ere we were aware, we had penetrated beneath the old Roman wall, and were within the "rare old city of Chester."

Liverpool, with its hundreds of thousands of inhabitants, with its boundless wealth, and known all over the habitable world as a vast commercial centre, is but a *town*. It is not yet — though it will soon be, in the coming extension of the English episcopate — a *Bishop's see and seat*. Chester, with but tens of thousands, and only known at all abroad from its past, is a city ; and it is the Bishop's seat and Church which makes it so.

It was Whit-Tuesday, and flags were unfurled from public buildings and houses, and hung across the crooked, narrow streets ; while every one was in holiday spirits and attire. Whit-Monday and Whit-Tuesday are festivals of universal observance in England ; and the city was filled with excursionists and citizens, each and all in quest of amusements suited to their respective tastes. It was a long train of pleasure-seekers that was drawn into Chester-station this June morning of mingled showers and sunshine, but none of the merry throngs were more glad to arrive than our little party of pilgrims from the new world, reverently approaching the threshold of a city dating its origin back to the days of fable, and boasting an authentic history

of near two thousand years. Hurrying between the rain drops we were soon rattling over the stones of Foregate street, a part of the old Watling street of the Romans, and trodden by heel and hoof ever since the very first Whitsuntide of the Apostles' days. Passing beneath the Eastgate, the *porta principalis* of the city, we were welcomed by our kind hostesses at the Grosvenor House, a model English inn, and in our comfortable apartments found rest and needed refreshments. It was not long before we were threading our way through the sloppy streets and crooked by-ways leading to the Cathedral of St. Werburgh, which, though surpassed in grandeur and size by many of the Cathedrals of our Mother Church, is still inexpressibly dear to American hearts, not only because it is the first their eyes look out upon, but also from the loving interest felt by so many comers from the new world in the very Reverend Dean of Chester, Dr. J. S. Howson, whose famous work on "The Life and Times of St. Paul," is found in almost every American Christian's home, and whose visit a few years since, at the time of our General Convention in Baltimore, left impressions never to be effaced.

The see of Chester was founded in 1541, prior to which time the present Cathedral had been the Benedictine church of St. Werburgh. There were Norman bishops of Chester, but their Cathedral was the Church of St. John the Baptist, the romantic ruins of which we visited at night-fall, when the ravages of a thousand years seen in the worn smooth stones and crumbling buttresses, arches, pinnacles and tower, gave to this venerable pile a striking beauty impossible to describe. The Church of St. Werburgh was begun in the year 1095 by Hugh Lupus, Earl of Chester, and kinsman of William the Conqueror, with the co-operation of Anselm, immediately before his appointment to the see of Canterbury. Eight hundred busy years have passed, and yet some of the Norman arches placed in solid masonry, under the founder's eye, are still to be seen, and we gazed reverently upon these indisputable links connecting the Church of our love and membership to-day—Christ's Holy Catholic Church, against which the gates of hell have never prevailed—with the Church of Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, in the age of the Norman conquest, not forgetting that tradition claims that this Nor-

man structure occupied the site of a Roman temple of Apollo, which in turn had replaced a still older shrine of the Druids. The Cathedral Church of St. Werburgh is cruciform, as is the case with all Cathedrals and many parochial churches as well, the massive and weather beaten square tower, built on solid Norman piers rising above the intersection of the transepts with the nave. The north transept contains the Norman work of Hugh Lupus, remaining where it was placed eight hundred years ago. The choir with the "Lady-chapel," now exquisitely restored, and in fact the whole eastern portion of the Cathedral is of Early English architecture: the rest is Decorated with Perpendicular alterations and additions. Thus the architectural details of the church tell with no uncertainty the periods of its gradual completion, which occupied four centuries. In the year in which America was discovered, Abbot Simon Ripley, whose initials appear on the capitals of some of the lofty columns in the nave, virtually completed the Cathedral as it stands to-day. Slight alterations and improvements were subsequently made; one of the cross-beams of the massive oaken roof still exhibiting the armorial bearings of

Cardinal Wolsey, but from the death of Ripley to the present day when good Dean Howson undertook the work of restoration, on which nearly half a million of dollars have been spent, this noble shrine has been practically unchanged.

At our first pilgrimage to St. Werburgh's shrine, three years ago, only the cold, gray nave was open for the daily prayers; but now the work of restoration had so far progressed that the glorious choir, with its almost unrivaled oak carvings above, around, beneath the "stalls" and "throne," was opened for service, and we said our prayers at evening amidst the surpliced clergy and choristers, with a goodly number of the faithful. It was not a little startling to have the melody of choral song, in which the service was exquisitely rendered, interrupted by the clear and emphatic announcement by the Dean, ere the prayer of General Thanksgiving was sung, that "Bishop and Mrs. Stevens Perry desire to return thanks for a safe voyage across the Atlantic." The thanks were heartily and gratefully offered up, and as we rose from our knees at the close of this simple but most beautiful service, we were not surprised to find a fellow-voyager at our side, himself for the first

time in a Cathedral and not at all acquainted with the Church's ways, tearfully confessing to a companion who was hardly less affected, that it was the most impressive service he had ever attended. As the white-robed procession of choristers and clergy, preceded by the Beadle with his silver mace, moved slowly out of the choir, it was an unexpected pleasure to grasp the hand of the good Bishop of Western New York, Dr. Arthur Cleveland Coxe, to whom our presence among the throng of worshippers was made known by the public announcement of our request for prayers. After this meeting of long-parted friends, doubly pleasant in a foreign land, the Dean joined us and was our most interesting and instructive guide, as we devoted the hours of closing day to an examination of the restorations and additions of the past three years.

It is in the Choir and Sanctuary that all the resources of decorative art have been brought by man, to make glorious the shrine of his God. The choir-screen of oak elaborately carved, separates from the somewhat cold and cheerless nave the "stalls" on either side, crowned with oaken canopies of richest tracery, and reveals the Bishop's Throne springing from the pedes-

tal of St. Werburgh's shrine, with even richer elaboration in its wonderful lightness and gracefulness of decorated carving. The very seats of the stalls, or *misericordiæ*, so arranged as to afford a slight rest during the long "hours" of mediæval worship, and yet to betray to his downfall the incautious occupant who might lean too heavily against them as he sought to catch a moment's sleep during his devotions, are carved with a beauty and grotesqueness which gives them especial interest. One portrays with remarkable expression the first quarrel of a newly-married couple. On another the adversary of souls, under the guise of a lion, is devouring a sinner bodily; while on still another, as a dragon, he has the offender partly swallowed with his legs hanging out of his jaws. Queer fantasies, which like the impish gargoyle and grinning apes that appear elsewhere in these Cathedrals, tell of a vein of humor even in these sombre men of old! The Altar, exquisitely carved, and composed of woods brought from holy land, is approached by a gradual ascent of tessellated pavements, and is surmounted by the two altar-lights which symbolize the two natures of our Lord. Above it rises a magnificent rere-

dos of Venetian mosaics, while around, above, behind are the springing arches of massive stone, gracefully carved in all the varied patterns of the Decorated style of architecture, supporting the vaulted roof, which, with its adornments of color and gilding, as Hawthorne well describes it, "like a pavillion of the sunset, all purple and gold," makes most beautiful in all its appointments the House of God. It is indeed holy ground where we stand and kneel to say and sing the prayers and praises said and sung by our common ancestors since St. Werburgh, daughter of the Mercian king in the old days of Briton's first conversion to the faith of Christ, gave herself to the religious life and won a name and fame by her lowly, loving, serving of Christ, which shall never die. Century after century since has left its traces that she "being dead yet speaketh;" and, honoring her as she in her life of Christian devotion honored her Master, Christ, the faithful have with holy hands piled up "these stones for a memorial."

But words fail to describe a Cathedral; or to give intelligibly the impressions of the Cathedral service as the sweet solemn tones of choral song went up and up towards the lofty roof,

filling with sacred melody every portion of this vast structure. Again and again during our resting-days at Chester did we seek the Cathedral for the charm and comfort of the daily matins and evensong, and the memory of the satisfaction and pleasure afforded by these services will not ever pass away.

Passing from the Cathedral as the twilight deepened, we lingered for a moment to look in upon the Chapter House, with its library of worm-eaten tomes, and then retracing our steps through the vaulted cloisters which enclose a square of England's green-sward, we entered the old Refectory, nearly a hundred feet in length, with its reader's pulpit whence some homily or legend of the saints was read during the homely meal in the old monastic days. Across the narrow passage was the Bishop's Palace, now used for the King's Grammar School, and the spacious Deanery which had been our pleasant home at our last visit to Chester. Thus on every side were the memorials of the Church's hold upon the very soil of this old Cathedral City; and with shrine and sepulchre, with college and cathedral, with the House of God and the homes of His faithful servants grouped

around the holy place in picturesque array, we felt as we had never felt before the power and strength of the Mother Church of the English-speaking race,—the Church of our membership and love!

Turning from the Cathedral and its solemn, sacred associations, a few steps through the crooked, narrow, and crowded streets, brought us to the “Rows.” We had seen something of the kind at Berne, in Switzerland, but still the Chester “rows” are unique. All along the principal streets, Foregate, Eastgate, Watergate, Northgate, and Bridge streets, by Pepper Alley, and beside portions of the city walls, the traveller’s footway lies directly through the first-floor fronts of the houses, at a height of several feet above the level of the carriage-way, so that one can shop, or walk, or lounge from street to street without ever passing from under cover of the projecting second-storys, save at the street crossings, or where modern structures have replaced this novel peculiarity of old-time architecture. Posts springing from the ground level of these “rows” support the overhanging houses which thus cover and encase the foot-passenger’s path; while the shops at the one side, and the booths

and stalls of less pretentious salesmen at the other, give to his walks among these “rows” a novelty nowhere else to be had. One can “shop” undeterred by the drenching rain which at the time of our visit poured day after day from the heavy clouds above; and even in the bright sunshine which we have at other visits seen in Chester, there is here a refuge from the glare and heat which can never penetrate these labyrinthal ways.

But even the “rows” are lost sight of in comparison with the city walls. As Hawthorne well says, “there is not a more curious place in the world,” than this old-time city, and of Chester’s curiosities certainly the walls may claim the foremost place. A stroll about these walls by moonlight or sunlight, for we tried both, carries one back full two thousand years. The Romans replaced, with their solid masonry, the rude mud-walls and simple earth-works of the Britons; and this was done at the very beginning of the era named and dated from Christ. When the conquerors of the world retired from this distant outpost of the Empire, these massive fortifications were left unharmed, and since that day of British independence the tide of

battle has surged again and again about these barriers of stone, defiant alike of the assaults of time or man. Britons and Romans, Picts and Goths, Saxons and Danes, Normans and Welsh, have met in bloody conflict at numberless points of the promenade, into which this ancient defence has been transformed. During the various civil struggles of England these solid fortifications have seen the adherents of York and Lancaster, Roundhead and Cavalier, fighting to the death on either side. At the Castle which dates its origin back to the days of Alfred, if tradition is to be believed, King Richard II. was confined a prisoner in 1399; while from the Phœnix Tower, a sightly outlook on these broad walls, King Charles I. witnessed the defeat of his army, at Rowton Heath, about two miles from the city. From another point St. John's Church, with its lofty, but time-worn tower, and the Bishop's palace, where the learned Dr. Jacoonson, the present incumbent of the see resides, are seen; while a little further on the eye takes in the charming river Dee, with the "Roodeye" meadow where the athletic sports and games of the Romans, the jousts of chivalry, the pageants and plays of mediæval days, and the less stately

sports of modern times, have each in turn found place. In fact, the whole promenade of fully two miles in length, along these relics of Roman and early English times, affords at every turn a panorama of beauty and interest rarely excelled.

The old houses of Chester are remarkable for their half-timber fronts, with sharp gables and quaint carvings. Near the Watergate is that ancient hostelry, the Yacht Inn, itself one of the quaint oaken-ribbed taverns of England's historic past, and interesting to Americans as the place where the eccentric and witty Dean Swift stopped on one of his journeyings to and from Ireland. Enraged at the failure of the Cathedral dignitaries to accept his invitation to dine with him at his Inn, he scratched upon the window pane a distich not over-flattering to the city or the clergy, which is still preserved. Returning towards the Grosvenor Inn, one cannot fail to notice the stately Palace of the Bishops of Chester, known as Bishop Lloyd's House. Grotesquely carved from the very apex of the gable to the level of the "row," this unique specimen of seventeenth century domestic architecture exhibits a profusion of ornament and eccentricity of design nowhere else to be seen.

The story of our redemption is carved all along the panneled front, while the quarterings of the Bishop's and his Monarch's arms, with the date of the prelate's death, adorn the centre of this strange, unique facade. Still further on is the famous "God's Providence House," the home, if family tradition is to be believed, of one of the writer's ancestors, who, to commemorate the fact that this house alone in Chester was spared at the visitation of the plague, which ravaged the city during the seventeenth century, had carved on an oaken cross-beam, still bearing its grateful legend, the words —

1652. God's Providence is mine inheritance. 1652.

Elsewhere is the old Palace of the Stanley family, elaborately carved, and bearing on its front the date of its erection — 1591 ; and the grand old mansion now the "Bear and Billet" tavern, which was formerly the residence of the Earls of Shrewsbury, when they visited the city of Chester. Strikingly picturesque must have been this old-time city ere the tasteless architecture of modern days invaded the long rows of half-timber fronts, with their sharp gables and pinnacles, making every street a study and every home unique.

But we might go on indefinitely in depicting the points of interest in this rare old place, where almost every excavation brings to light a Roman altar or inscription, or an early English coin, or relic of forgotten days; and where there still remains so much inseparably connected with the historic past, as to make a pilgrimage here most fascinating to anyone who cares at all for the days gone by. Time and space are wanting to tell all we saw or all we did in our repeated visits to this attractive spot, which may be styled the door-way to the old English home.

We paid our respects to the Lord Bishop at his Palace, dined and visited at the Deanery, from which, just before our coming, Mr. Gladstone had passed out to his home at Hawarden Castle near-by; and at length, after several most happy days, reluctantly took the train for Lichfield, not, alas! to visit the loved Bishop, from whom but a few weeks since we had received a most urgent invitation, but to stand beside his newly-turfed grave! Farewell! quaint old Chester. Five times have we visited its “rows,” and walls, and Cathedral, and even now, as we revive our pleasant memories of its attractions, we would fain make a pilgrimage thither again!

## II.

### LICHFIELD.

IT was by a winding road and over flinty stones that we were driven along our way from the valley of the Trent to the crown of the grassy knoll, where, in its quiet loveliness, far from the busy life of the centres of trade and industry, sits like a queen the cathedral city of Lichfield. The tall hedge-rows on either side were casting their slant shadows as the day declined; and even the cold, gray road-side walls, almost hidden with their dense, luxuriant mingling of ivy and moss and lichens, were mottled with tintings of

gold and crimson and living green. We passed a row of modern villas, near the station, built of bright red brick, and yet with their quaint gables and odd chimney-pots; their diamond shaped window panes and comfortable balconies, and above all with their garniture of sweet briar and eglantine, seeming quite cozy and home-like. All the while the three tall spires of the Cathedral, unique in their graceful symmetry of outline as in their number, were seen standing out in bold and beautiful relief against the setting sun. Under the elms and surrounded by memorials of the dead of many generations, we noticed the noble Church of S. Michael, and it was not without many crowding memories of our connection for some years with its American namesake, S. Michael's, Litchfield, Connecticut, that we paused for a moment to imprint upon memory the fine proportions and beautiful surroundings of this venerable structure. We were soon in the narrow streets, and after a brief delay found ourselves quite at home at the Black Swan Inn. Through an arched passage opening into a paved courtyard we entered this old-time hostelry, on the one side finding the coffee room, where the pretty bar-maids were

quickly busied in making preparations for a substantial meal, while on the other side of the way were the long suites of parlors and chambers connected by winding passages, and low and dark, and musty as if with the use of centuries. The dinner over, we sought the shady way leading to the Cathedral Close. It was now bright moonlight, and as we climbed the slight ascent, skirting the Minster Pool, there opened to our view in all their airy splendor, the peaks and pinnacles, the three battlemented towers with their graceful buttresses and spires, and all the intricate and lavish adornment of the great west front.

“Lo! with what depth of blackness thrown  
Against the clouds, far up the skies  
The walls of the Cathedral rise,  
Like a myste ious grove of st'one,  
With fit'ful lights and shadows blending,  
As from behind, the moon ascending,  
Lights its dim aisles and paths unknown!”

It was a scene and sight never to be forgotten! All possible shapes of beauty seemed in fantastic combinations and arrangement to crowd the retina; and even the time worn and weather beaten stones, the niches with their half defaced and broken statues, the crumbling buttresses, and far up on high—

"—The Rose, above the western portal,  
Flamboyant with a thousand gorgeous colors,  
The perfect flower of Gothic loveliness,"—

Each and all seemed etherialized, spiritualized as bathed in the flood of moonlight. We lingered till the shadows deepened, and then, passing reverently to the side, threaded our way among the dwellings of the Cathedral dignitaries, peopled even in the stillness of this lovely night of June, not only with the living but with the memories of those who like Addison and Johnson and Garrick, and the unfortunate Major Andre, had paced these walks and trod upon the yielding turf of this quiet Close, in the years long passed. Our shadowy path was full of memories.

The Cathedral lost little if any of its weird beauty, when the pale light of the moon gave place to the broad glare of noon-day. Grand as is its noble exterior, the view when the nave is entered through the central western portal is one of striking grandeur. The architecture within is unusually graceful in all its details; and beyond the light choir-screen of metal-work the eye takes in the elaborate reredos of the altar, a mass of costly marble and alabaster, and finally

rests on the stained glass of the Lady-chapel, glowing with its rainbow tints between the dark lines of tracery. The chief portions of the Cathedral are of the Early English and Decorated styles of architecture, and its erection occupied the whole of the thirteenth century and the first-quarter of the fourteenth. Perpendicular windows were inserted during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and the central spire was rebuilt from a design by the celebrated Wren, after the Restoration. The glass is of singular richness and beauty. It was obtained after the destruction of the windows by the Puritans, from the abbey of Herckenrode, in the bishopric of Liege, and was made between the years 1530 and 1540, a period when the art of staining glass had attained great perfection.

We wandered reverently among the monuments of the dead; and were hushed to silence as we stood before one of Chantrey's exquisite conceptions—two lovely children in each other's arms, and both in the embrace of death. We noticed the noble cenotaph erected to commemorate the singular daring of Major Hodgson, whose romantic capture of the King of Oude is sculptured on its front. Chantrey's fine kneel-

ing figure of Bishop Rider was not overlooked ; but even the splendor of these and other memorials of the historic dead were forgotten as we passed outside the temple to stand reverently and regretfully by the flower-strewn grave of the apostolic Selwyn, first Metropolitan of New Zealand, and ninetieth Bishop of Lichfield. A group of children, with uncovered heads, were gathered around the spot, for the great and good Bishop who had so lately gone from earth was a lover of the little ones ; and as we joined them we felt that although we could not see the dear friend whom we had known and loved for seven years, and whose warm welcome to England we had received a few short weeks before, his was the happy rest of Paradise ; his the blessed sleep in Jesus.

After a few hours in the grand old Minster, four hundred feet in length and over sixty in height, we strolled across the meadows, most charming in their robe of green in the pleasant month of June, to S. Chad's Church and the famous well where the old Bishop and missionary baptized his converts. The Church of Chadstowe occupies the traditional site of the Saint's oratory and place of death, and shows

the marks of time. As we passed through its aisles to the well, we lingered for a moment to inspect the cottages of the poor, cozily nestling under the very shadow of the old-time church. The water of S. Chad's well has a mystic power, and those who drink of it and *wish* will have their longing gratified. We had drank once before from its deep, living spring, and wished that we might come again to Lichfield, beautiful and most winsome in its loveliness, as it lay before our eyes in the pleasant valley of the Trent. We drank again, and wished a second time, but what that wish was must not be told, else the charm is broken. We hope for its realization all the same.

The early history of Lichfield is hidden in the mists of time; but legends and traditions abound, explaining the origin of its name—"the field of the dead"—and connecting it with the persecutions attending the introduction of Christianity, about the beginning of the fourth century. The heraldic device of the city arms depicts the martyrs who died for the faith during the Dioclesian persecution, but the story has doubtless grown with time, and may have had but slight foundation in fact, if any at all.

The new religion was crushed for a time, and only reappears in the middle of the seventh century, when Oswi, the Anglo-Saxon King of Northumbria, conquered Mercia and caused Diuma to be consecrated Bishop by Finan, the Bishop of Lindisfarne. A few years later, Ceadda, or S. Chad, the great Saint of Lichfield, appears, whose history, although made romantic by the legend-mongers of later days, has still the sub-stratum of historic truth. He was a missionary Bishop, and his converts were numbered by thousands. For two years and a half he administered his Mercian diocese—as the monkish chronicles describe it, “*gloriosissime.*” Holiness, humility, patient devotion, indefatigable preaching and constant pastoral oversight were the characteristics of his Episcopate, and as his death drew near, we are told by the venerable Bede that his cell was filled with celestial harmony from angelic choirs, who came to bear the worn and weary Bishop to Paradise. Later, though only for a time, the See of Lichfield was made an Archbishopric, and still later it was united with Coventry.

In the fourteenth century a tournament was held in Lichfield, and Edward the Third with

seventeen knights, were the “jousters.” In 1397 Richard the Second kept his Christmas feast at Lichfield, where two thousand oxen and two hundred tuns of wine were consumed in the festivities. Two years later the King was brought to Lichfield as a prisoner. A few hundred years passed, and in the civil wars the Roundheads besieged the Cavaliers, who had gathered here under the command of the Earl of Chesterfield. The Puritan leader, Lord Brooke, who had avowed his purpose of destroying the Cathedral, and had publicly prayed that God would “by some special token manifest unto them His approbation of that their design,” was killed by a shot aimed from the Minster-battlements, and as the event occurred on S. Chad’s day (March 2d), the interposition of the patron saint was credited with this signal deliverance. Still, after ammunition and food were exhausted, the Royalists, though making a spirited defence, were compelled to surrender. Later, Prince Rupert was here, but the triumph, after all, was complete, and these iconoclasts, in their hatred of all that was venerable or attractive in the worship of God, destroyed the monuments, broke the effigies of bishops and knights

of the olden times, stole the sepulchral brasses, demolished the painted windows, burnt the church records and the organ, tore up the sacred vestments, travestied the holy rites of baptism by carrying a calf wrapped in linen to the font, dipping it in water and bestowing upon it some ribald name ; and so, after unparalleled outrages, left desolate the holy and beautiful house of God. Traces of their vandalism still appear on shattered effigies and monuments. But since the Restoration, the work of repair and replacement has hardly ceased, and in a few years this venerable shrine will have its pristine beauty, only softened and hallowed by the touch of time.

A drive through the market-place, where a massive statue opposite the house of his birth commemorates the connection of Dr. Samuel Johnson with this spot, and a lingering glance as we passed by the beautiful Churches of S. Mary and S. Michael, and we were hurrying to the station. Soon the three spires of the Cathedral melted into the haze of the horizon, and we were swiftly borne away from this lovely spot, among whose most hallowed associations will ever be the memory that it was the last home of Selwyn, England's most faithful missionary Bishop.

### III

#### RUGBY AND COVENTRY.

WE were hastening to Coventry, when, by a lucky mishap, we found ourselves at Rugby with half-an-hour to wait. Memories of Dickens's "Mugby Junction" faded away from mind, as there came full and strong to our recollection the name and fame of Thomas Arnold, that wonder-working Head-Master of Rugby, whose noble life and manly Christian teachings are reproduced in the lives of those who hung upon the truths he taught while living, or are in turn transmitting their master's

word and work to others, now that he has passed away. And so we saw with profound interest the quadrangles familiar to all readers of "Tom Brown," with the "boys" in their cricketing or boating costumes, hurrying to or from the play grounds or their rooms, and then looked in upon the class-rooms, dormitories, cabinets and library, all far from presenting that "spick an i span" appearance which our higher schools afford, but bearing evident traces of the presence and pranks of veritable boys. On we went through halls and "quads" to the beautiful school chapel, which, from the very cross at the top of the building, on which the great Head-Master was wont to dwell in his sermons to his pupils, as symbol of the end and aim of Christian education, to the simple stone under the altar, as it stood before the chapel was enlarged, which marked the resting place of Thomas Arnold, was filled with memories of the life-work, and proofs of the far-reaching influence, of this great-hearted Christian teacher. We passed from this beautiful chapel, turning reverently as we left, to see the massive altar-cross shining forth amidst the gloom of fading day, and were soon in the almost-sacred

study where Dr. Arnold was accustomed to meet the “sixth form,” and where amidst the folios, quartos and octavos of a noble library, lining the walls, works were written which will long mould English thought, and instructions were imparted which have never lost their force. This room, as we saw it on this rainy day in June,—even the scholars’ desks, scarred and chipped with many a deeply-cut initial and rude carving; books, maps, pictures.—all, are photographed in our “chambers of imagery,” and will never be forgotten. Our mishap on our way to Coventry gave us a pleasure we had not anticipated.

Soon “the three tall spires” of Coventry, famed for their architectural beauty, their age and graceful outlines, as well as their great height, were seen standing out grandly against the evening sky, as we drove from the station to “The Craven Arms.” We were hardly assigned to our quaint, musty rooms, low-ce led and with lattice-windows opening on a narrow court, in this rambling hostlery of the ancient time. ere we sallied forth on our pi'grimage to the shrines and sepulchres of this spot, so renowned in song and story. At the Hertford

street-corner, but a step from our inn, a grotesque figure of “Peeping Tom,” that

“—One low churl, compact of thankless earth,  
The fatal byword of all years to come,”

was seen peering from an upper story; and elsewhere in effigy or in countless reproductions in pictures and photographs this luckless wight has his shameful immortality. In St. Mary’s Hall, once the banqueting room of St. Katharine’s Guild, and built early in the sixteenth century, we saw the exquisite statue of the noble Lady Godiva, “the woman of a thousand summers back,” whose “ride through Coventry,” to free the citizens from some servile tenure or oppressive tax, has given her this loving remembrance, and has made her name and story known in verse and prose, wherever the old chronicles of England are read, or the verse of Tennyson is admired.

In the Guild Hall, on the long tables around which the magistrates were wont to sit, were the papers of a number of candidates for Holy Orders, who were passing their examinations preparatory to the Trinity Sunday ordination; and the long array of quires of written questions and answers attested the number and the

diligence of the young men who were soon to swell the clergy list of England's Church. On a raised dais was some tapestry of great beauty and antiquity, filled with life-size representations of medæval notables, but mutilated of course by Cromwell's men, traces of whose destructive malice are everywhere to be seen; and in a little hall, charters and seals and autographs made up a most interesting collection for the antiquarian's study. An autograph of the ill-fated Anne Boleyn was there, a letter announcing the birth of Princess Elizabeth, who was to be the good Queen Bess: and the room was crowded with similar relics of long-past years, and of worthies long since mouldered into dust.

We penetrated into the crypt and saw the grand provision made by the guill of old for royal feasts and banquetin<sup>z</sup>, and found our visit to this novel architectural pile of itself well rewarding our pilgrimage by the glimpses it gave us of the merry days of old. The long twilight, lasting till nearly midnight at this season, gave us opportunity to wander from street to street, and through lane after lane. We visited first the Bluecoat school, where the cloistered passages opened on the quadrangle where were the

gabled residences of the pensioners on the founder's bounty. Next we sought the foundations of the old cathedral, for Coventry was a Bishop's See of old, thus noting in our wanderings many a most interesting relic of old-time architecture, and finally, from sheer fatigue, we went to our beds, where from between the scented linen sheets, we, as we dropped asleep, rejoiced in heart that we were "in Coventry."

Early in the morning we started forth to see the churches, visiting first St. Michael's, where Godiva and the Earl Leofric, her husband, were buried; and where of old was a memorial of the gentle lady, who

" — Took the tax away  
And built herself an everlasting fame."

The church, four hundred feet in length, with a spire two hundred and three feet in height, with over three thousand sittings, (filled, we were told, each Sunday night at the regular church service) is one of the finest gothic structures in England, and is, we believe, the largest parish church. It was founded about the year 1133, and the spire, which was twenty-two years in building, was finished in 1395. The roof is of sombre oak, and is of great beauty.

Much of the old glass remains, and the interior, from its very immensity, is at once grand and impressive. The body of the church, rebuilt in 1434, has been exquisitely restored, and few cathedrals exceed this noble Church of St. Michael's in simple elegance.

Trinity Church is but a few steps from the shaded church yard of St. Michael's. It dates back to the year 1260, but the mutilations of time have defaced the beauty of its fabric. Still, its interior is well worth a visit, while its stone pulpit, its memorial windows and its lofty roof are features of interest. Christ Church, though less beautiful, makes the third of the Coventry's tall spires, and mark the site of an ancient house of the mendicant Grey Friars.

But the choicest bit of ancient architecture in Coventry is Ford's Hospital, in Grey Friars' Street, where, on a foundation dating back to the early days of Coventry, a quaint old home is provided for a number of pensioners who have their rooms in this exquisite old-time structure, which almost seems to have stepped bodily forth from the pages of Froissart or Monstrelet, those faithful chroniclers of mediæval days. The front of this old "Hospital," built of heavy

crossed-timber their intes with rstices filled in with plaster, and terminating in peaked gables of fantastic styles, is of the style of eight hundred years and more ago, and through the quaint portal, with its carvings and heraldic devices on every side, so that the inmates could look down upon those who were coming in below; while reaching far behind were the little gardens and shady walks of the favored inmates of this quiet nook. Among the pleasant sights in Coventry, Ford's Hospital should never be missed. The romances of chivalry receive a new meaning as we study such an interesting bit of really contemporary architecture. We could almost see the train of mailed knights sweeping down the crooked, narrow streets, or the solemn procession of gray cowled and clad monks emerging from their conventional cloisters on some grand feast day of their calendar, with banners and crosses and all the insignia of their faith. From the windows it required but the slightest effort of imagination to seem to see the bright faces of English maidens of the days gone by, scanning with interest the passers-by below; or to mark the sturdy yeomanry pouring forth from the thatched cottages as they sought pleasure or

employ in the very by-paths we were threading with reverent tread.

Full of interest both to the archæologist and the churchman is Coventry. It has a history both ecclesiastical and secular, and it was with no little regret that we took our carriages to enjoy the famous drive to Kenilworth. Again and again did we look behind us on our way, and it was long ere the three tall spires faded out of view, and Coventry was with us but a memory and a regret.

## IV.

### KENILWORTH AND WARWICK.

THE drive from Coventry to Kenilworth is famous. Under spreading oaks, with bits of most romantic scenery on either side, we drove along, meeting now a squad of cavalry, whose brilliant dress and accoutrements were in marked contrast with the quiet beauty of the undergrowth and hedge-rows, along side of which their course and ours was leading, and now encountering a group of laughing girls on a wild-wood stroll, making the air ring with their merriment, as they gaily trod over the gorse

and heather with that easy swinging gait, which told of out-door life and labor. Soon we were passing through the narrow, crooked streets of Kenilworth, with glimpses now and then of the castle ruins, the priory gate, and the venerable Abbey Church, and almost ere we realized the fact the grand old towers, made so famous by Scott's vivid descriptions, stood out before us against the sky; and we were treading reverently on ground where history and romance have made attractive each crumbling stone and broken arch, each clambering vine of ivy or bit of springing turf. Artist, historian, antiquarian, novelist, have each in turn done homage at this shrine. Famed indeed, in poetry and prose, are these ruins where Elizabeth held court, as earlier sovereigns had before, and which to countless minds are ever associated with the story of the villainy of Varney, the weakness of Leicester, and the wrongs and sorrows of sweet Amy Robsart. We wandered in and out, amidst towers and battlements, banqueting halls and courts, corridors and chambers, still beautiful though in ruin; and then, our pilgrimage over, we were soon within the grounds of Stoneleigh Abbey, through which we drove under the

grand old trees, with the deer browsing on either side of us, and over roads smooth and hard as stone itself, till we were out among the fields again. Guy's Cliff, the seat of one of the Percy family and deriving its name from the bold and precipitous rocks on and *in* and from which the castle, surmounted by the chapel with its embattled tower, is built, was shortly seen and after a walk down a pleasant avenue of trees we reached the spot whence we could see the fair beauty of a scene noted for centuries. Here Guy, Earl of Warwick, hero of many a nursery tale, concluded a life of adventure by years of austerity and devotion, seeking spiritual consolation at the hands of a man of God who dwelt in a cell formed out of the solid rock, and living on the alms daily received from the hand of his neglected countess, who only knew of his nearness when the hand of death was laid upon him. Near by, on Blacklow hill, rises in full view of the passer-by a stone cross marking the spot where nearly six centuries ago Piers Gaveson, "the minion of a hateful king," was beheaded, as the inscription tells us, "by barons lawless as himself." Passing through rows of "sombre yews," mingled on either side with large forest

trees and fragrant shrubs, we hastened on till we were in Warwick, with the battlements of its grand old castle full in view.

Here again we were on a spot whose history dates back to the age of fable. Founded, as the legends state, by King Cymbeline in the twilight years of English history, it was here that the Romans came in the first centuries after Christ. Here at a later day the Danes destroyed the hamlet which was rebuilt by Ethelfleda, the daughter of Alfred the Great. Here the "King-maker" lived, and clustering here are many of the noted names and events of English history.

The approach of the Castle is through an embattled gateway, opening into a winding road cut in the solid rock. The way is arched and shaded by leafy shrubs and trees, while the moss and ivy cover with a robe of living green the sides of the rock-hewn path. A sudden turn in the way brings us to the outer court, where the long line of towers and castellated walls and lofty halls strikes the eye in all its bold magnificence. Here, as in so many other old-time spots, we have on the left a "Cæsar's Tower," coeval with the Norman conquest. On the right a polygonal turret with massive walls, called Guy's

Tower, rises to a height of one hundred and twenty-eight feet. In the centre of the connecting wall is the ponderous gateway, flanked by turrets, and opening into another passage way with towers and battlements rising far above the first. Here an old portcullis remains and still hangs ready for use, while before the whole approach is the disused moat with an arch thrown over it at the gate-way, where of old the drawbridge was suspended.

Passing through the well defended barbacan we reach the court yard, a spacious area of rich green-sward. On the left stands the grand castellated mansion of the feudal barons of Warwick. Almost uninjured by the tooth of time, a fire on Advent Sunday, 1871, consumed a portion of the great hall with many of the treasures it contained; but the restoration immediately begun has been successfully carried out, and few, if any, traces of decay or ruin are now to be seen. On one side the old Norman Tower appears; and in front is the "Keep," clothed "from turret to foundation stone" with spreading vines and the luxuriant ivy which is everywhere to be seen. On the right are two unfinished towers, (one of which was begun

by Richard III.), the turrets and halls joined by ramparts and embattled walls of great thickness and height. Open flights of steps and broad walks on the top of the walls form a means of communication between all portions of the castle, and afford abundant illustrations of the mode of conducting the defense of such posts in feudal days. The whole effect is grand beyond description, and one seems carried back to the days of chivalry and revels amidst the most glorious of mediæval scenes.

Entering the great hall, one has, at a single glance, a view of the grand suite of state rooms on the one side and the domestic apartments on the other, extending upwards of three hundred and thirty feet. At the end of the chapel passage is the celebrated painting by Vandyck, of Charles I. This is a noble picture, of life-size and in the distance nearly resembling life itself. From the windows of the great Hall there is a charming view of the Avon; while stretching out far as the eye can reach is the extensive park with its famous cedars of Lebanon, and forest trees of every hue, shape and size, making a scene where nature and art have combined to form a picture of surpassing beauty.

We wandered through the long array of apartments stored with paintings by the old masters, and abounding in portraits of historic characters, such as the unfortunate Earl of Stratford, Queen Henrietta Maria, Prince Rupert, Loyola and Luther, Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn, with many others. Superb cabinets; tables of buhl and marquetry, ormolu, crystal, china and lava vases; bronzes and antiques, with splendid furniture of every style, add to the charms of these grand suites of rooms, in which you pass from one object of interest and beauty to another, till the mind is bewildered and the memory refuses to grasp one-half that is seen.

Passing from the Boudoir, an opening in the wainscot leads into the "Armoury Passage," where there is one of the finest collections of ancient armor in the Kingdom. We enter room after room till the chapel is reached, and thence we pass to the state dining and breakfast rooms, through which the wearied sight-seer gains the outside world once more, oppressed by the splendor and quite worn out with the monotonous recitals of the tiresome guide, who hurries one remorselessly from room to room, caring only

for his half-a-crown. In the green-house is the celebrated Warwick Vase, an antique marble of great beauty, found at the bottom of a lake at Adrian's villa at Tivoli, and one of the finest specimens of ancient sculpture in existence. Through leafy shades we reach the river front of the castle ; the keep and its towers, the mills, the falls, the ruined arches of the bridge, all making up a picture of great variety and beauty, which once seen can never be forgotten.

But the castle is not all that is noteworthy at Warwick. The churches, the streets, the old timber-and-plaster houses, are interesting ; and St. Mary's, a noble structure, contains the celebrated Beauchamp Chapel with its altar-tomb of Purbeck marble, which is considered one of the finest sepulchral monuments in England. Here Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, is buried ; but a nobler monument of this historic character is the interesting "Hospital" which he endowed as a home for twelve war-worn retainers, whose successors live to-day, under the rules, and in the rooms, dating back to the Elizabethan age. Leicester's Hospital is one of the most perfect specimens of the half-timber buildings in this part of England. It is built

around a quadrangle with open galleries along the four sides, which bear in every arch, and all along their gabled front, escutcheons, crests, and coats of arms with the quaint device of the Bear and Ragged Staff, recurring again and again, while in old English lettering the appropriate texts appear—Honour all Men,” “Fear God,” Honour the King,” Love the Brotherhood,” “Be Kindly Affectioned one to Another.” Here the “bedesmen” live in snug but comfortable quarters, each having the privacy of home and yet sharing in the privilege of the common hall. Each receives a yearly allowance of £80, together with the blue-cloth cloak, which, with the founder’s cognizance, the Bear and Ragged Staff in silver, dating back to the founder’s day, are the badge of the brotherhood.

Rising from a rock-foundation, through which has been pierced a gate-way to the winding street below, is the church attached to the Hospital of which the “Master” is the incumbent, and where at daily prayers the little community gather as one household. There is a noble kitchen in which the architectural details are enlivened with quarterings of Lord Leicester’s arms, with the reproduction of the “Bear and

Ragged Staff" in countless forms, and the initials "R. L.," and the motto *Droit et Loyal* repeated again and again. A bit of Amy Robsart's embroidery hangs upon the oaken pannelling, with halberds, pikes, and muskets from various battle fields; while the high-backed settees ranged about the chimney, which is large enough for the roasting of an ox, and the gleaming flagons lighted up by the glowing coals. told of the good cheer and comfort of this happy brotherhood.

Tired and weary we rested at the "Warwick Arms," in comfortable quarters, though not to be commended for attendance or table; and thus ended another happy summer day.

## V.

### STRATFORD-UPON-AVON.

STOPPING at the “Red Horse Inn,” sitting in the little parlor occupied by Washington Irving, and in the chair which bears his name, sleeping in the chamber he slept in, and looking into the fire-place—would it were glowing with sea-coals, even though it is mid-summer as we write!—of which he wrote in the “Sketch Book,” our memories of Shakespeare have pleasant comminglings with those of our own Irving, and we, as Americans, owe a double homage as we write ourselves pilgrims at the shrine of Avon’s Bard.

We reached Stratford-upon-Avon after a pleasant day at Leamington, a fashionable "Spa," not unlike an American town in its newness and uniformity; and took advantage of the twilight to visit the birth-place of the poet, now the property of the nation, and whence with interesting memories of its old-time and pregnant associations, we bore from the neatly-kept garden a pansy "for thought." The house has been most carefully restored to its original condition, and is one of the half-timber structures peculiar to the domestic architecture of the mediæval age, and the beauty of which, in contrast with prosaic modern structures, at once fills the eye and commands our admiration. Quite a museum of Shakesperian pictures and relics, and a library of Shakesperian editions and illustrative works add to the attractions of the place—if other attractions were needed than its being the birth-place of England's greatest genius. The darkness came at length, and after a silent walk through Stratford streets we were quietly resting at the Red Horse "taking our ease at our inn."

The Sunday dawned auspiciously. We were lingering over our breakfast in the little parlor

ever associated with Irving's name and presence, when the good Vicar, Rev. Dr. Collis, in cap and gown, was introduced, bearing a letter from the wife of the Lord Bishop of Oxford, asking of our whereabouts. A great meeting was to be held in the Sheldonian Theatre, (the University Hall), the coming week, and as the American Bishops were announced as speakers and the time was drawing near, the country was being scoured for the expected visitors. Satisfied as to his inquiries, the Vicar, after inviting us to the service in the Church of the Holy Trinity, where Shakespeare was baptized, and where his ashes lie, hurried to his early service, leaving us leisurely to stroll along the river-walk, and under the broad avenue of trees, till the church was reached in time for the usual mid-day prayers. The ladies of the party were placed in the choir of the church, in the finely carved "stalls," occupied by the clergy and choristers on special occasions, and within full view of the monument and resting place of Shakespeare; and after a sweet choral rendering of the Morning Prayer and Litany, in which a crow led congregation most heartily joined, a sermon was preached by the Bishop of Iowa.

and then the Holy Communion, chorally rendered, was administered to a large number of the faithful. It was a day to be remembered. The very air seemed laden with weird associations and far-reaching memories. The influence of the spot could not be shaken off, and when the solemn service was over, and the kind Vicar in his Oxford doctor's gown of black and scarlet took us over the sacred building, showing us each spot and shrine connected with the poet, and many other points of interest besides, we felt that our pilgrimage was indeed well repaid. The store of memories here laid up could not ever be lost.

We were invited to dine at Shottery Hall, where the Vicar and his charming wife resided, and the approach to which was under the broad chestnut trees, and through the sweet meadows on either side of the road trod again and again by the young Shakespeare, seeking the thatched cottage where Ann Hathaway dwelt.

Shottery Hall is not an ordinary Vicarage. The Vicar of Stratford-upon-Avon, with the care of five churches and the cure of several thousand souls, receives a stipend less than that of many an American clergyman, who, doubt-

less, often thinks with envy of the rich (?) benefices of the mother church. Were the Vicar and his wife not possessed of an ample fortune they could not carry on the great church work they have in charge—the building of churches, the care of the College of the Holy Trinity, the Sunday Schools, the pastoral visitations, the relief of bodies as well as souls,—occupying each moment, and making the weeks too short for the work to be done for Christ and His Church. The Hall is a beautiful mansion with noble rooms filled with every object of taste and luxury, while the grounds are of vast extent and beauty. After the noon-time meal we walked through the grounds to Ann Hathaway's cottage, where the courtship of Shakespeare took place. We were shown over this interesting spot by the kindly descendant of the Hathaways, who occupies the old home, and were deeply interested in the old-time relics and associations with which the place abounds. Nearby was the Shottery Church of St. Andrew, built by Dr. and Mrs. Collis, and offering a charming model of a rural church.

In the evening we were driven to the chapel of the College of the Holy Trinity, where after

the hearty choral even-song rendered by the boys, of whom nearly one hundred and fifty were in attendance, the Bishop of Iowa preached.

The following morning was spent in visiting "New Place," where Shakespeare passed the last few years of his life and where he died, and the grammar school where he was educated, and in re-visiting the church. Here we examined minutely the various points of interest which have been so often described, and were specially favored in being shown the entry of Shakespeare's baptism on the vellum register of the parish, and the record of his burial. The font in which he was doubtless baptized is still preserved in a mutilated condition, and the spot where he lies in the chancel, among his kindred dead, is sacred, not alone in view of the malediction, which he caused to be cut deep and large over his place of burial, but in view of the reverence which adheres to his name and fame.

We wandered through the pleasant streets of Stratford, interested in many tokens afforded on every side of the veneration in which this poet's memory is still held, and, our pilgrimage over, were soon *en route* for Oxford.

## VI.

### OXFORD.

IT was at nightfall that we reached the city of colleges and churches, the oldest seat of learning of the English-speaking race. Meeting at the station an old friend, the Bishop of Fredericton, Dr. Medley, and renewing most agreeably a pleasant acquaintance with this venerable prelate, we were soon welcomed by the patroness of all American Church folk, Mrs. Combe, to an Oxford *home*, at the Clarendon Press. Here in a residence, wholly covered outside with ivy, and fragrant with the rare and brilliant flowers

enclosing a broad reach of green-sward, the exterior adornments were excelled by the comfort and charm within. We are doing no violence to a sweet and saintly charity, and a Christian life, the fame of which is widely known in the world, to tell the tale, in our far distant land, of alms and benefactions amounting to fully half a million of dollars—the gifts to Christ and His Church by the husband of our dear hostess, and, since his decease, by Mrs. Combe herself. Churches, chapels, schools, hospitals, infirmaries, sisterhoods, orphanages, and every good word and work have shared this lavish stream of charity, and in Oxford, and far and wide, at home and abroad, the names of Thomas Combe, M. A., and his beloved wife are held in grateful, loving memory. The beautiful church of S. Barnabas, with sittings for a thousand worshippers, was built by this most excellent man. The exquisite chapel of the Redcliffe Infirmary, adorned with a taste and beauty rarely excelled, was erected by the same open handed giver. King Edward's School, a noble foundation with halls, chapel and play-grounds, quite rivaling the older schools of England, has its "Combe" as well as "Keble" Hall, attesting the active,

personal beneficence of Mr. Combe as well as his large-hearted charity.

Our Oxford home, thus presided over by one so worthy of love and veneration, had among its inner furnishings some of those wonderful art creations of modern days, of which the world itself has heard. One we had seen and admired at our last visit had been given by our hostess to Keble College. It was the famous painting by Holman Hunt, of Christ as the Light of the World. But other and most striking paintings by this eminent artist adorned the walls of the house, while the productions of Rosetti and Millais are found in connection with the works of other and no less distinguished artists of modern times. A bust of Mr. Combe, and a most striking reproduction of the head of the celebrated John Henry Newman, a life-long friend of the family, with many other works of art, make this home a treasure-house of much that is beautiful and rare. The importance of these art-treasures and the other attractions of the house may be understood from the fact that Prince Leopold, while an undergraduate of the University, was a frequent visitor here, bringing from time to time his royal brothers and sisters ; and this example

of one of the reigning family has been widely followed by the nobility and gentry, as well as by those whose rank is that of literary fame or civic distinction.

Nothing can be more perfect than the hospitality of an English home. The guest is placed at once at his ease: every attention is shown; every service rendered, and all is so unobtrusively done as to excite no surprise, and call for no thought on the part of the recipient. It requires only experience to prove how thorough is the welcome an English home affords. Such a welcome to one of the most attractive of homes was ours, and for ten days at Oxford no pains were spared, no efforts withheld, to make our stay what it was indeed, an epoch in our lives.

We had visited Oxford at this time for a double purpose: to attend the great missionary meetings, and to witness the "Commemoration," as the gala-day of the University is called. These interesting events were prefaced by another, and, to us, as American Churchmen, an interesting festival — the fete day at Cuddesdon. In this lovely village, about eight miles from Oxford, the late Lord Bishop, the celebrated Dr.

Samuel Wilberforce, had established a Theological College, intended to take the place occupied by our American Theological schools, such as "Griswold," in giving direct and most valuable preparation for Holy Orders. On the morning of the day following our arrival we drove out to this beautiful hamlet, which has grown up around the Bishop's Palace and the fine old Norman Church. The gathering was very large, numbering fully four hundred Bishops, Priests, Deacons and lay people of both sexes, and as the long procession of choristers, students and clergy in surplices moved two by two through the Palace grounds, under green trees and over the springing turf fringed and studded with flowers, the white robes and many colored academic hoods of the clergy rustling and swaying in the wind, it was a spectacle long to be remembered. The church was thronged. The service, entirely choral, was charmingly rendered and participated in by the whole congregation. The sermon was delivered by the venerable Bishop of Fredericton, and at the close of the service and Sacrament, the Lord Bishop of Oxford, holding his Pastoral Staff in his left hand as he stood before the Altar, extended his right with

most impressive gesture to give to the assembled worshippers the blessing of peace.

The long procession then reformed, and with the familiar recessional, "Onward Christian Soldiers, Marching as to War," proceeded to a large tent raised on the Palace grounds, where a bountiful collation had been spread, and where three hundred invited guests were soon busily at work caring for the needs of the inner man. The long tables were decked with flowers and were presided over by the Bishop of Oxford, Dr. Mackarness, who, with Mrs. Perry by his side, was surrounded by the Bishops and clergy, Lords and ladies present at the *fête*. After the luncheon came most spirited speeches, in which a happy and kind reference by his Lordship to the American Church was the occasion of the introduction to the assembly of the Bishop of Iowa, who made a speech in acknowledgment of the toast, adding, as was fitting, an expression of the grateful memory in which the founder of Cuddesdon was held by the American Church, of which he was the first historian. After further speeches the guests dispersed themselves about the grounds or returned to Oxford. Our party, after visiting the Palace Chapel,

built by Bishop Wilberforce, and the exquisitely-decorated College Chapel, lingered for tea at the Palace, and then started for home. The day had been a busy one, but we were in time for a garden-party given by the Master of Wadham's College in the private gardens of the Master, which were filled with distinguished guests including the Vice Chancellor and numerous "dons." Thence we hastened to a dinner party given by the Rector of Exeter College, at which, among other notabilities, the late American Minister, the Hon. Edwards Pierrepont, and his charming wife, were present. The dinner, in the Rector's noble hall, was followed by an evening reception at which numbers gathered : and at length well worn out with the varied pleasures of our first day in Oxford, we reached our home at midnight, quite needing the rest and refreshment of sleep.

Our first busy day at Oxford, with its odd comminglings of sermon and sacrament, speech-making and sight-seeing, garden-parties and receptions, was but the type of other days following in quick succession, and filled to the full with that which could not fail to prove of deepest interest to Churchmen and strangers. In

our record of travel we do not propose to give an itinerary, but notice should at least be given of the great missionary meetings for which we had come to Oxford at this special time. In the afternoon of the day following our visit to Cuddesdon, the Sheldonian Theatre, with its two thousand sittings, was largely, if not fully, filled by a most interested and intelligent audience, presided over by the Lord Bishop of Oxford. In this splendid theatre, the result of the munificent gifts of the Archbishop, whose name it bears, and for years the scene of all the public ceremonies of the University, there was held one of the grandest missionary meetings I have ever attended. The speeches on this occasion were delivered by American and Colonial Bishops and were received with marked attention and abundant applause. The speakers from the United States were the assistant Bishop of North Carolina, Dr. Lyman; the Bishop of Ohio, Dr. Bedell, and the Bishop of Iowa. Among the speakers from other lands were the venerable Bishop of Fredericton, Dr. Medley, the Metropolitan of South Africa, Dr. Jones, and the Bishop of Columbo (Ceylon), Dr. Copleston. Thus from the various quarters of the earth,

testimony was borne to the abundant missionary zeal and success of the churches in communion with the Church of England. In the evening the Town Hall was crowded with another audience. The afternoon gathering was composed of the University dignitaries and students. In the evening instead of the "gownsmen" it was the "town" which was represented. Among the speakers were the Bishop of Pennsylvania, Dr. Stevens; the Bishop of the Falkland Isles, Dr. Stirling, whose See comprises the southern portion of the South American continent; the Bishop of Bombay, Dr. Mylne; and the Bishop of Ontario, Dr. Lewis. The speeches were of an high order, and the interest was maintained to the close of the meeting, while substantial tokens of this interest were left on the plates held at the door as the large audience slowly dispersed. I may be pardoned in saying that the speeches of American Bishops received both public as well as private commendation, and many expressions of a grateful appreciation of their presence and labors were tendered them on every hand.

It was our good fortune to be enabled to catch glimpses of the interior life of Oxford,

which revealed many features of interest. All know something of the wonderful architectural beauties of the various College halls, and also of the "foundations" which yield to a certain number of distinguished scholars both homes and stipends for the prosecution of their studies, and the advancement of learning in the world. The "fellows" and professors are picked men who have won and hold their places by their attainments as scholars. Living in the various College halls, and engaged more or less in the work of instruction as well as study, they form a feature in the society and life of Oxford not to be overlooked. In the rooms of a "Fellow" of Merton we were most charmingly entertained. A number of Bishops, with other dignitaries in church and state, were present, and the elegance of the entertainment and the graceful hospitality of our host, the Rev. Rural Dean Freeling, made the occasion one full of enjoyment. From these charming rooms, and from a glimpse of the beautiful chapel where is a memorial of the martyred Missionary Bishop of Melanesia, Dr. Patteson, we proceeded to a public meeting in the council chamber in the interest of a permanent memorial to the late Bishop of Lichfield,

Dr. Selwyn, so well known and loved in America as well as in England, and at the very ends of the earth. At this meeting the Bishop of Iowa bore willing testimony to the high character and holy example of this great and gifted man.

Days were spent in the examination of the halls and buildings so crowded with historic associations. At Lincoln, John Wesley lived in rooms still pointed out. At Pembroke, George Whitfield learned the lesson of evangelistic labors, which impelled him to minister to the New World as well as the Old. At Oriel, Keble studied and sung his holy verse. At St. John's, Laud lived and by his great generosity gained the title of second founder. At All Soul's, Heber won repute as a scholar, poet and a Christian minister as well. And so one might go on bringing up many of the great names of England's history for a thousand years, which have been connected with one or another of these ancient seats of learning. Not only are the very rooms hallowed with associations, but the halls and libraries with their treasures of portraits, manuscripts and books of the greatest variety are not to be overlooked. In fact, the whole city of

Oxford offers attractions to the visitor not to be excelled wherever one may wander or whatever he may chance to see.

In the midst of pleasures of all kinds, there came the rest and refreshment of Sunday. In this city of churches and colleges the Lord's day finds full observance. Services begin with the dawn and end only with the deepening of the late twilight into night. With us an early celebration of the Eucharist began the day in the parish church near by, which at an early hour was filled with eager worshippers. The service was choral, and most inspiring, and a large number of the faithful received the Sacrament of the Body and Blood of Christ. In the morning, after the "Bidding Prayer" the University Sermon was preached in the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, by the Archbishop of York, Dr. Thompson. It was in this church that Cranmer, after his recantation of the faith of England's Reformed Church, renewed his protest against Rome, and made his death avowal of belief in the doctrines of the primitive and apostolic days of Catholicity. The crowd enter through the beautiful Italian porch, surmounted by a benignant figure of the Blessed Virgin and

her Son, erected by Archbishop Laud, and made a special ground of accusation against him when the Puritans were thirsting for his blood. The sermon was thoughtful and admirably delivered. The preacher, the Primate of England, is well known to the scholarly world by his metaphysical works, while among theologians he has long held a prominent place, both as a writer and a reasoner.

The Bishop of Iowa preached at St. Paul's to a crowded congregation. The service was choral, and all the tokens of respect so fully observed by English clergy and church officials, on occasions of the presence of their Diocesan, were carried out in almost amusing detail. In the afternoon the Bishop catechized and addressed nearly a thousand children at the Church of St. Barnabas. This is a splendid church, erected by Mr. Thomas Combe, in the midst of the poorest district of Oxford, where the assiduous ministrations of the incumbent, the Rev. H. M. Noel, M. A., have resulted in gathering one of the largest congregations in the city. The services, which begin early in the morning and are as frequent as there are hours of holy time, are quite elaborate.

The children's service consisted of the "Litany of the Holy Child Jesus" which was sung by the thousand voices with most inspiring effect. The sea of little heads all turned toward the speaker, who had come from a far away world to talk to them, was a sight not to be forgotten; and the splendor of the church and its decorations—for in England it is the churches *for the poor* which are made most attractive and gorgeous, together with the grand and uplifting music, made the service one of intense interest.

It was "Show Sunday," and after evening prayer the "Broad Walk" leading from Christ Church was thronged in the twilight by all the notabilities brought by the commemoration to Oxford. From the balcony belonging to a room of one of the Christ Church "dons," we watched the surging tide of gownsmen, townsfolk, strangers and others, till at length the day was ended, and with it our experience of an Oxford Sunday.

Parties, dinners, receptions, concerts and entertainments of every kind jostled each other in quick succession, or strove together as rivals for the pleasure of the visitors who already thronged the inns and lodging places, as well as

every hospitable Oxford home. At length the culmination of the week was reached, and the Sheldonian Theatre was filled in every part by the crowd assembled to witness the annual commemoration festivities. The floor of the theatre was assigned to the Masters of Arts. The semi-circle was occupied by ladies in full dress, while over all rose the galleries, one above the other, filled with the undergraduates and the ladies whom they had brought to see the spectacle, and whose presence did not in the least restrain the noisy demonstrations for which this occasion has long been famous. Seats were kept for the invited guests, and from any of these posts of observation one could see and hear to advantage all that transpired. As the theatre filled with the throng of ladies, "dons," and undergraduates, the students cheered and groaned alternately one and another of England's greatest men, varying their demonstrations by shouts for the ladies in "blue" or "pink," or "white," as any wearers of these colors came in view. Mr. Gladstone, especially unpopular in view of the present dislike of any apologists for Russia or the Eastern Christians, was hissed most vociferously, while the Ministry, with Beaconsfield at

its head, received almost unlimited applause. At length after a wild scene of confusion, interrupted only by organ recitals which elsewhere would have claimed an attention they failed utterly to secure on this occasion, the great doors were thrown back, and the procession of heads of colleges, with the Vice Chancellor and those who were to receive honorary degrees, was ushered through the dense crowd amidst tremendous cheers. The bright robes of office and the many colored hoods of academic degrees worn on all "high days" of the University, gave a brilliant appearance to the scene, and after the "dons" and Bishops in their convocation dress were seated in the front seats of the semi-circle, and the opening prayers had been said, the conferring of "D. C. L." degrees was begun. The Marquis of Hartington was the first to receive this honor, and although Gladstone's successor as leader of the Opposition, he was welcomed with great applause. One of the ministry, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, who followed with the air and bearing of a sprightly young man, was evidently a greater favorite. The late American Minister, Edwards Pierrepont, was kindly received, although a few murmurs of "Bun-

combe" were heard from the gallery, and a whisper of "Yankee Doodle" echoed on the air. But the favorite of the day was Lord Napier, of Magdala, and as the old soldier, his wrinkled face gleaming with good humor, and his breast covered with decorations received for honorable exploits, came forward to the Vice Chancellor's chair, the applause was deafening. The galleries shouted themselves hoarse, and the Oxford hats were waved wildly or thrown recklessly on high by men who felt that the soldierly qualities of the war-worn veteran, might be called into exercise for England's cause again. Following this scene of enthusiasm came prize essays in English, Latin and Greek, with the Creweian Oration by the Professor of Poetry, a post once filled by Keble, and then followed the Newdigate Poem which was listened to with little respect by men who failed to remember that it was Heber's poem on Palestine that first brought this poet and apostolic bishop into notice, and that since then other names now distinguished all over the world had here won their laurels at the outset of their careers.

Following these exercises the newly-made Doctors of Civil Law with the "Lords and La-

dies" who were fortunate to receive a special invitation, lunched in the grand hall of All Souls' College, where Heber's face looked down upon us from the pictured walls, and Jeremy Taylor's portrait told of his connection with this time-honored foundation. The "lunch" was an ample one, and from it a few of us hastened to a fete in the beautiful gardens of St. John's College, under the windows of the temporary abode of Abp. Laud and Charles I., in the troublous times of the great rebellion. Here, music from the band of the Coldstream Guards was mingled with madrigals and glees from most excellent vocalists, while abundant refreshments were offered at every turn. Friday--our last day in Oxford--closed with a charming concert at Magdalen College, where the music was exquisite. The choristers of Magdalen are famed throughout England and took a prominent part in rendering a most brilliant selection of songs and glees.

The hurry of packing up and the interchanging of farewells with most kind friends, preceded a few hours sleep and the final "good-bye" to Oxford—a farewell most reluctantly said.

## VII.

### LONDON.

THE change was not wholly a pleasant one, from bright and beautiful Oxford, in its gala-dress, to smoky, foggy, dingy London, where the din of toil and traffic is unending and the tide of human life is ever surging through the narrow, crooked streets. But far above the tumult and strife of tongues, lifting the Cross where every eye looking for rest and refuge may see it, and towering in its magnificence over the pomp and glory of the world, beside, around, beneath it, rises S. Paul's, the Cathe-

dral of the noblest city of Christendom. Thither our steps tended, and soon there had gathered to the one hundred and seventy-seventh anniversary of the Venerable Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, Bishops of the Church of Christ from all parts of the habitable world. The Society whose natal-day we had assembled to celebrate, is the oldest Missionary Society of the reformed churches. Founded in the year 1701, it was by this organization that the care of the scattered churchmen, who had settled on our American shores in the colonies, where the Church was not established, was assumed up to the time of the Revolution. This care of the American Colonial Church was a labor of love, embracing colonists and aborigines, and yielded fruit for all time in the planting of countless churches, and the conversion of countless souls to Christ. Since this nursing care has been transferred to other fields, its operations have extended all over the earth. With an income year by year of half a million, with more than a thousand missionary laborers in foreign lands, numbering its converts by tens and hundreds of thousands, reporting at the very time of our coming together more than twenty thousand

applicants for Holy Baptism in a single mission field, this Venerable Society has won a name, and wields a power for good, worthy of its years and history.

The procession formed in the apse of the Cathedral and moved through the cloistered way to the Choir. Verger with their silver maces, and in their official robes, led the long array, followed by the surpliced choristers, nearly one hundred in number, with the clergy of the Cathedral chapter, each wearing the hood of his academic degree over his surplice. Then other vergers ushered in the procession of Bishops,—Missionary, Colonial, and Provincial Irish, Scotch, African, American, and English,—the long line being closed by the venerable and beloved Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Archibald Campbell Tait, to whom as “Primate of all England,” ranking next to the blood royal, and taking precedence of the highest noble of the realm, all portions of the Anglican Communion yield deference and unfeigned respect as occupying the seat of S. Augustine, the Apostle of Anglo-Saxon Christianity, and as the worthy head of the hierarchy of the Mother Church.

The vast space under the dome and in the nave and transepts assigned for the congregation, was filled with worshippers who stood while the procession of choristers and clergy passed into their respective places. It was a striking sight. The immense organ was pouring forth a flood of melody. The bright sunlight streaming through the painted windows and tinting with many hues the dome and galleries; the sombre carvings and the sculptured busts or effigies, memorials of England's noble dead; the sea of upturned faces, and the far-reaching vistas up and around, and on either side of this magnificent temple, all made up a scene of strange attraction, impossible to describe, and yet never to be forgotten. Fifty Bishops, thrice that number of choristers and clergy, and fully five thousand people, with, in addition, many outside the space assigned to the worshippers and yet intent on all that was being done, formed a gathering which was at once unique and suggestive of the greatness of the Reformed Church of Christ, whose leaders and representatives had gathered here from all quarters of the globe. The service was choral and magnificently rendered, the whole assembly

joining in the familiar notes of chants and hymns with one heart and one voice. The sermon was preached by the Lord Bishop of Ripon, who bears the honored name of Bickersteth. The offertory, collected with great difficulty in consequence of the crowd, was nearly three thousand dollars. The Bishops, following the Archbishop in the order of their consecration, offered their gifts, each kneeling in turn before the altar and placing the offering in the great silver-gilt Almsbasin, presented by the American Church in 1871, to the Archbishop of Canterbury. The vast congregation rose at the presentation of the alms. The Holy Communion followed, the Archbishop being the Celebrant, with the Metropolitan of Sidney, Dr. Barker, as the Epistoler, and the Senior American Bishop present, Dr. Bedell, of Ohio, as the Gospeller.

It was late when the crowd of the faithful had received the Sacrament of the Body and Blood of Christ, and then the clergy and the choristers retired, reversing their order of entrance, while the congregation stood quietly till they had passed. It was a noble service, and many a one expressed the conviction that if the Lambeth Conference had only this single

service, as the result of its assembling, the progress of the reformed faith and its wonderful exertion throughout the world were attested by this gathering of Bishops from every quarter of the globe, far more forcibly than in any other possible way. Very sweetly and lovingly did the venerable Primate, suffering keenly from the recent death of his only son, call around him the American Bishops to assure them of his special gratitude for the kind attentions they had rendered to this most estimable young clergyman, during his attendance upon the General Convention, held in Boston, in 1877. And then, deeply impressed with the thoughts and feelings of the hour, we parted to be met at every turn with most courteous invitations, welcomes and good wishes, attesting the interest felt on every side in this second gathering of Bishops of the Anglican Communion, scattered throughout the world. As we left the Cathedral with a party of friends, who were to dine with Canon Gregory, our attention was called to the recent unearthing of the foundation stones of old S. Paul's, which was destroyed in the great fire, and to the spot where stood the famous "S. Paul's Cross," at which were preached so many reform-

ation sermons, and from which there went out such mighty influences in behalf of England's reformed and primitive faith. There have been three Cathedrals dedicated to S. Paul on this spot, and, if tradition is to be received, the first occupied the site of a heathen temple, cleansed and consecrated to Christ. At the Residential Houses in Amen Corner, built by Sir Christopher Wren, where we were kindly entertained by Canon Gregory, Henry Melville, the Golden Lecturer, lived and died. Outside were traces of the old Roman wall. At our right, Bonner burned the Bibles. On one side was the Stationers' Hall, with its records of the publication of the first folio Shakespeare and the *Paradise Lost*. One could hardly think of eating or drinking with such surroundings, and on such a spot. And yet, where could one turn in London without evoking these vivid impressions of the past!

In the evening, at the Westminster Palace Hotel, there was a "conversazione," under the auspices of the venerable Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, at which\* the American Bishops were publicly welcomed to London, and each in turn was called upon for a brief address.

On the following day, missionary meetings of great interest were held at S. James's Hall, continuing until late in the afternoon. In the evening the Bishop of Pennsylvania, Dr. Stevens, preached a noble sermon at Westminster Abbey on the work of the venerable Society in the colonial days of our own land ; thus closing a most interesting series of meetings and services, with fitting and most eloquent words from one who did not fail to do full justice to his theme, and to his country's and his Church's reputation. The morning found us hastening on our way to Canterbury—Canterbury pilgrims to the seat and shrine of Austin, first Archbishop to the Anglo-Saxons, through whom each Bishop of the Anglican communion traces his Episcopal descent, in lineal succession from the Apostles and the Lord Himself.

## VIII.

### CANTERBURY.

IT was fitting that one of the preliminary gatherings of the Conference should be held at Canterbury, where, on the spot consecrated by the labors of S. Austin, and near the site of the little palace of Ethelbert, his royal convert, now rises that magnificent Cathedral which marks the cradle-home of English Christianity. Here we met on S. Peter's day, assembling first, as seemed most appropriate, at the missionary College of S. Augustine, which occupies the site, and in part the ancient buildings, of the Abbey,

founded by Ethelbert in the first years of the seventh Century. As the hour of service drew drew near, the green-sward of the college quadrangle was crowded with Bishops from nearly every part of the world. India, China, Australia, New Zealand, North and South America, the West Indian and other islands of the sea, as well as the shores of the Mediterranean, were each and all represented by the chief pastors of the flock of Christ, each and all receiving loving welcome from their English brethren of one common faith, one common Lord. On this spot, where the faith of Christ and churchly culture first took root in the Anglo-Saxon race, there has in this generation, after years of disuse and desolation, arisen through the princely beneficence of a distinguished layman, A. J. B. Beresford Hope, D. C. L., a school of the prophets which has sent forth heralds of the cross to continents and islands unknown to Austin and Ethelbert. The service in the College chapel was one of simple choral song, rendered sweetly and effectively by the students and the whole assembly. The sermon was by the Bishop of Western New York, whose name is a "household word" in the "old home,"

where his “Ballads” and “Impressions,” as well as his other and weightier works, are known and valued as by us. The discourse from Heb. iii., 2: “O Lord; revive Thy work in the midst of the years,” was one not to be described, for, rising to the occasion, it was full of impassioned eloquence such as no one save the poet-preacher of the American Church could have said or sung. The Eucharistic Office followed, at which the Archbishop of Canterbury was the celebrant, giving to his brethren in the Apostolic office the sacred pledges of Christian fellowship and love. Impressive indeed was his solemn sacramental hour, the bright June sun shining in through the painted windows, and filling with all the hues of the “rainbow around the Throne” this consecrated spot, where every knee and every heart were bowed. Surely nowhere else could the services of this long-to-be-remembered feast-day have been more properly begun. Having “joined together in the holiest rite of our common Christianity,” we went forth from this hour of Holy Communion, strengthened and prepared for the further observance of the day.

After a luncheon in the common hall of S. Augustine’s, between thirty and forty of the Bish-

ops met in the Chapter House, and then with the long procession of surpliced choristers and clergy passed through the cloisters, and entered the nave of the Cathedral through the great west door, which is only opened on occasion of the Primate's presence. The spectacle was most impressive. As the long array of Bishops, clergy and singing men and boys entered the grand portal, the congregation rose, and the melody of Psalms cxxii., cxxxiii., and lxvii.,—the “*Lætatus sum*,” the “*Ecce quam bonum*” and the “*Dcus misereatur*,”—filled aisles and nave and clerestory, up to the fretted roof, with the notes of choral song. Opening ranks, the Archbishop, accompanied by his chaplains, Registrar and Chancellor, in their striking robes of office, and followed by the long train of Bishops, two by two, moved slowly through the choir, and up the lofty flight of marble steps to the Altar and “Becket’s Crown,” with the music of the processional “song of degrees.” Accompanied to the steps of the Sanctuary by the Dean and Chapter, among whom my dear friend and host, Canon Robertson, the Church historian, stood conspicuous, the Primate took his seat in the “patriarchal chair” of stone, traditionally the

seat of Augustine, and, if not actually cœæva with the first days of Anglo-Saxon Christianity, falling but little short of it, and forming one of the most interesting relics of antiquity, where all around was hoar with age. The Metropolitans and other Bishops passed to their places on either side of the Altar, from which there was a most impressive view of the Sanctuary and Choir, and the crowd of reverent worshippers All was hushed as the Archbishop welcomed his “brothers, representatives of the Church throughout the world, engaged in spreading the Gospel of Jesus Christ wherever the sun shines.” No such spectacle had been witnessed during the twelve centuries and a half, which had rolled slowly by since the first missionary to our Anglo-Saxon fathers began his work for Christ, on the spot where we were then assembled. And from the seed here sown, the Christianity here introduced, had sprung a hundred fold harvest from the field there represented, which was the world! Alluding to these tokens of the Church’s growth, the Archbishop referred to the monuments of a chequered history in Church and State, surrounding us,—“Canterbury pilgrims,”—in our visit to this sacred

shrine. On the one hand, the spot where Becket fell beneath the murderers' blows was plainly seen, and on the other rose the tomb of the Black Prince, surmounted by the tattered remains of his coat-armour, his helmet, his gauntlets and his empty scabbard. Felicitously alluding to the name of the Cathedral, "Christ Church, Canterbury," given at its solemn dedication by S. Austin, who thus "stamped it with the name of Christ, that the thought of the adorable Redeemer might be foremost therein," the Archbishop closed his earnest words with the expression of his "special welcome" to his "brethren from across the Atlantic," whom he thanked with faltering voice and deep emotion, for courtesies extended to his only son, the Rev. Crawford Tait, M. A., in whose death all his earthly hopes had been so lately crushed, adding the invocation, "May God so unite us all in a bond of peace and love while life lasts, that we may all be one in Him and with Him eternally."

The "Evensong" followed, and then, after the vast assembly had withdrawn, with Canon Robertson and Archdeacon Harrison as our guides, we passed through the Cathedral listen-

ing to chapters of most momentous history, illustrated on the spot where their events transpired. There were brought to mind in swift succession, and most vividly, the days and deeds of Ethelbert and Bertha, Austin, and Lanfranc, Anselm and Stephen Langton, the Black Prince and Henry II. We traced the steps trod by Becket as he went slowly to his martyrdom. We stood in the crypt where the penitent King was scourged by the Bishop of London and the Benedictine monks. We noted the traces of the devotion of pilgrims at the shrine of S. Thomas of Canterbury, in stones worn away by kneeling devotees, and saw abundant evidences of the old-time splendor of the offerings at Becket's shrine during the period when, as the Primate had just described it, "a sort of semi-paganism was ruling within" these sacred walls. In the library the untiring Canon Robertson showed us many a bibliographical rarity together with most interesting relics of the past, among which we noted with especial attention S. Dunstan's hand writing, and the crosses made by the pen of William the Conqueror and that of his queen, on the ancient charters of the Cathedral. Thence we passed into the gar-

dens and on to green-sward of the Deanery grounds, shaded by the lofty minster-walls, where were gathered all the notabilities of the Cathedral City. The day was closed delightfully, after a missionary meeting in S. George's Hall, by a quiet reception at our host's, Canon Robertson's, where, with our dear friend, Prebendary Bullock, (now, alas for us! in Paradise), and his wife, the daughter of the late Dean Alford, we were most pleasantly entertained.

On Sunday the Bishop of Iowa preached at S. Martin's, standing on the site, and having in its walls some of the undisturbed Roman masonry, of the Church spoken of by the venerable Bede, as built before the Romans left the Island; and being without dispute the chapel of Queen Bertha's devotions prior to Austin's coming, and her husband's conversion. How full of memories was this scene and spot. We were worshipping on the very ground where the Creed had been said, and the Lord's Prayer repeated, and the words of Scripture and devotion, so familiar to all the Christian world to-day, had been in use since a time when those who had been taught and baptized by the Apostles them-

selves, had not all fallen asleep. Plain and simple as is this little Church, crowning a grassy slope with the resting places of many a pilgrim on the way to the heavenly Jerusalem on every side, it was rich in associations. It was this little British Church, outside the town, which must have been the first object to meet the eyes of S. Austin and his fellow missionaries, when the clergy and choristers with the tall, silver “cross of Jesus going on before,” and the rude, painted panel borne aloft, on which our Saviour was depicted, moved in solemn procession from the coast to Canterbury, chanting “Gregorians” and “Litanies,” with the words, “We beseech Thee, O Lord, in all Thy mercy, that Thy wrath and Thine anger may be removed from this city, and from Thy holy house. Alleluia.” Entering the city, they worshipped at S. Martin’s, and here, without doubt, on the 2d of June, A. D. 597, Ethelbert was baptized, and the old font still standing at the Church’s door is a monument of this event. On the following Christmas-day, so mightily grew the word of God and prevailed, ten thousand Saxons were baptized,—thus Gregory, Bishop of Rome, the friend and patron of Austin, wrote to the

Patriarch of Alexandria. Soon the royal convert gave his palace and the site of an old Roman or British Church near-by, for the Archbishop's seat and the new Cathedral of Christ Church,—the Church of the Saviour, whose pictured effigy, borne on high, first told the Anglo-Saxons of the love of the Incarnate Son of God.

Memories of these historic facts filled our mind as we stood in this holy place to tell of the progress of Christ's Church in our Western World. Here, as we preached Christ, we seemed united with the Church of the Apostle's days.—the one communion and fellowship of the Saints of the Most High. Here, ministering in holy things, we could look reverently into the past, and hopefully forward to the future when the Church of Christ thus planted, thus growing, should possess the world itself.

In the afternoon our beloved uncle, the Bishop of Pennsylvania, as representing the American Church, preached in the Cathedral on "the Church of the Living God." This masterly discourse was listened to with marked attention, and brought out the truth "That the Church was the voice of the Living God, speaking, lov-

ing, working among men." The day closed with pleasant and profitable re-unions of the Bishops, who lost no opportunity of conversing with each other of "the things pertaining to the Kingdom of God." The next morning, with the Bishop of Ohio and Mrs. Bedell, and the Bishop of Pennsylvania and Mrs. Stevens, our own party drove by invitation of the Dean of Canterbury, to Bishopsbourne, the church and vicarage of the Judicious Hooker. Here we walked beside the yew-hedge which he set out, stood reverently by the spot where his ashes rest in hope, and saw the entries in the parish register of the offices he performed. Here in the room where he penned the closing portion of his immortal "Ecclesiastical Polity," and where, wasted and worn, he received his last Sacrament, the *Viaticum* for the last journey, and in the little Church where he ministered so faithfully the Word and Sacraments, according to the use and rule of the Church he loved so well, we gratefully recalled the life and services of the greatest of the Anglican doctors. All around us were the rose-trees heavy with blossoms, the clambering ivy, the graceful elms, and the sturdy oaks. Our pilgrimage was closed

with a lunch at a neighboring manor-hall, and a drive back to Canterbury in a pouring rain. Ere the day was over we were hastening to London and Lambeth, for the opening of Conference was appointed for the following morning.

## IX.

### LAMBETH.

THE Pa'ace at Lambeth is a large irregular pile of buildings, situated on the southern bank of the Thames, and is of various styles of architecture. It has been a Bishop's seat and home for over six hundred years, the foundation of the present palace having been laid by Archbishop Boniface about the year 1262. The entrance is through an arched gateway, erected about A. D. 1490, and flanked by two square embattled towers of brick, commanding the passage into the outer court. Passing under the

beautifully groined arch of the gateway, we noticed on the left a fine old wall covered with ivy and dividing the palace grounds from the Thames, and the favorite promenade known as the Bishop's walk. In front rose the Water Tower, beyond which were the frowning battlements of the Lollard's Tower, so full of memories and mementoes of martyr-deaths, and the even more painful lives of racked and tortured confessors of the truth. On the right were the great hall and palace with their corridors and chambers, the chapel and state departments, the galleries and offices, all making up a picturesque and imposing pile of buildings, which, in their varied architectural details, told of a continuous growth during the successive centuries since the twelfth, and are associated in history with many of the foremost names of English story, as well as with events which can never fade from mind.

We gathered in the great dining hall, on the walls of which hang the portraits of the long line of prelates who before or subsequent to the reformation-period, have filled the See of Canterbury. It was the meeting of men long known to each other by name, but now for the first time brought face to face. Nearly one hundred of

the leaders of God's Sacramental host were there assembled from all parts of the world. Men who had hazarded their lives for the Lord Jesus; men who had won a name as authors in well-nigh every department of literature; men distinguished by administrative qualities; men of noble birth and antecedents; men who had grown old in the service of the Master; and men on whom holy hands had just been laid, setting them apart for this office and ministry, were here for the one coming together of their lives. Two by two, robed in their Episcopal habits, and marshalled in the order of their consecration, the Bishops entered the Chapel, which is one of the oldest portions of the Palace, and where the Altar furniture and decorations are the same as, or quite accurately replace, those of the time of Archbishop Laud. Here, where we knelt at the chancel-rail, lies the ashes of Matthew Parker, the first Archbishop of Canterbury consecrated after the supremacy of the Roman See had been renounced; and here, on Sunday, February 4th, A. D. 1787, William White and Samuel Provoost were consecrated respectively Bishops of Pennsylvania and New York, giving to our American Church, from

the Mother Church of England, the Apostolic Succession, which had been secured by the devoted Seabury, of Connecticut, three years earlier, from the College of Scotch Bishops, in an "upper room" at Aberdeen. Here, on the 19th of September, A. D. 1790, James Madison was consecrated Bishop of Virginia, thus giving us a full College of Bishops, of Anglican consecration, from which, united with the Scottish line, all our Episcopal orders are derived. After the hush of silent prayer, the *Veni Creator Spiritus* was sung as an introit, and then the Office of the Holy Communion was begun by the Bishop of London, Dr. Jackson, assisted by the Bishop of Salisbury, Dr. Moberly, as Epistoler, and the Bishop of Winchester, Dr. Harold Browne, as Gospeller. The Archbishop of Canterbury was the Celebrant. The Archbishop of York was the preacher, choosing as his text, Galatians ii., 11 : "*But when Peter was come to Antioch, I withstood him to the face, because he was to be blamed.*" In this striking discourse the preacher, as his comment on the record of an apostolic quarrel, showed us that "the glory of God's great work lay in this—not that the powers, wishes, and passions of the

actors were petrified into a lifeless uniformity, and the superseding life from heaven took their place; but rather that using as His instruments men so weak and perverse, He built with them the Church of God." Reminding us "that the Church in the first age grew by the same principles as it grows by in the nineteenth; that the very divisions amongst us have their counterparts in the age of the Apostles, and that our disputes, like theirs, may be but permitted struggles and aberrations of us who are acting out God's great commands, and that all the while He is making perfect the circle of His purpose, and accomplishing His Kingdom,"—the preacher proceeded to tell us that "the Church has grown, as all things seem to grow, by the life within her striving to perfect itself amidst opposing forces." \* \* "Lo, even now the Church is growing, and God dwelling in her gives the increase. We seem in deadly peril: there is unbelief on one side, and on the other that deadening system which would hand over the conscience to the priest, and the priest to a mediæval theology, hostile to knowledge and incapable of change. 'The waves of the sea are mighty, and rage horribly, but yet the Lord that

dwelleth on high is mightier.' \* \* Through strife, but not by strife, the Church has passed upon her way. And we"—proceeded the preacher, addressing his right reverend brethren—"meeting a second time in Conference upon the interests of that branch of the Church, which springing from this little island, has so spread over the earth that the sun never sets upon her daughter Churches, we will never admit a doubt that God is with us still. \* \* And whilst we are resolved to hold fast the faith committed to us, we may endeavour in one point to go beyond our fathers: the candour and the charity that spring from a firm trust in the truth, these should be our aim and special study."

Thus was the key-note given to the second Lambeth Conference, in the wise and temperate counsels of this admirable discourse, and we left the place where the Sacrament and sermon had each taught us of love and charity, with the needed preparation for our solemn and responsible work. Ere we laid aside our robes the somewhat amusing episode occurred of having a photograph, which by-the-bye was remarkably successful, taken of the great assembly at

the principal entrance of the Palace. Luncheon followed, and then the Bishops gathered in the hall of the Library, which occupies the site of the Great Hall, built by Boniface six hundred years ago. Re-edified by Archbishop Chichely, in the year 1570-'71, and repaired by Archbishop Parker, it was despoiled and destroyed during the great Rebellion. The present stately edifice was erected after the Restoration by Archbishop Juxton, as nearly as possible in accordance with the style of the former structure. It is a lofty building of brick strengthened with buttresses and ornamented with cornices and quoins of stone. From the centre of the roof, which is upwards of fifty feet in height, rises a lantern, at the top of which are the arms of the archiepiscopal see, impaling those of Juxton, and surmounted by the mitre. Rows of lofty windows filled with the armorial bearings of successive Primates, interspersed with bits of rare old stained glass, light up the alcoves which are crowded with bibliographical treasures, MSS., illuminated missals, chronicles, chartularies and many of the *incunabula* or earliest printed books of Gutenberg and Faust abroad, and Caxton, Wynkyn de Worde, Pynson

and others at home. Under the magnificent roof of carved oak and chestnut, and amidst this invaluable collection of MSS. and printed books, preparations had been made for the sittings of the Conference. The Primate's seat was placed at the end of the library hall, while on either side were the Archbishops of York, Armagh and Dublin. In front were the Primates of Scotland, the Metropolitans of Canada, Sydney, Christ Church, (New Zealand), Capetown and Rupertsland, and the Senior Bishop of our own Church, who was first the Bishop of New York, Dr. Potter, and later the Bishop of Delaware, Dr. Lee. At the Secretaries' table were the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, the learned Dr. Ellicott, whose exegetical works are so well known throughout the Church, and the Bishop of Edinburgh, Dr. Cotterill, also favorably known as an author, while the Lay Secretary, Dr. Isambard Brunel, the Chancellor of the Diocese of Ely, with the short-hand reporters, occupied positions in the nearest alcove at the left. In front of the officers, and occupying two-thirds of the length of the library, which is between ninety and a hundred feet in extent, with books of reference all around them, and tables

for writing within easy access, sat the assembled Bishops, in all numbering thirty-five from England, nine from Ireland, seven from Scotland, nineteen of our own Church, including our colored brother of Haiti, ten from the British possessions at the north of us, three from India, four from the West Indies, three from Australia, two from New Zealand, five from South Africa, two from South America, and one from the shores of the Mediterranean. Thus were we arranged, and in this historic hall we met day by day, after the daily prayers had been said in the Chapel, and discussed the various subjects previously chosen for consideration. At the first business session, after prayers, the Archbishop delivered an impressive address, and the Conference was thus formally opened.

The first subject assigned for consideration was "The best mode of maintaining Union among various Churches of the Anglican Communion." Two speakers, one of the English and the other of the American Church, had been designated by the Archbishop to open the discussion and the Conference the Bishop of Winchester, Dr. Harold Browne, being appointed to move the resolution, and the Bishop of Iowa to

second the same. I had, in common with most of the American clergy of the present generation, studied the learned work of Dr. Harold Browne, or the XXXIX Articles, in my preparation for holy orders, and it was with no little hesitancy that I accepted the Primate's invitation to follow one so noted for scholarship and forensic power. But we met on the common ground of the Episcopate, and the fullest attention was accorded to my remarks, the points of which were subsequently incorporated in the report of the Committee, of which the Bishop of Iowa was also appointed a member, as being "of great importance for the maintenance of union among the Churches of our Communion." The discussion continued till the adjournment, when the subject-matter was formally referred to the committee of which I have already spoken. Day after day of amicable and most interesting deliberation followed. The main questions considered were these, the first having already been named:—"Voluntary Boards of Arbitration for Churches for which such an arrangement may be applicable," comprising the subject of Courts of Appeal in Ecclesiastical cases, whether of discipline or of disputed doctrine. "The relation

to each other of Missionary Bishops, and of Missionaries of various branches of the Anglican Communion, acting in the same country," comprehending, among other matters, the question as to the adoption of a uniform Book of Common Prayer in cases where, as in China and Japan, missionaries of the English and American Churches are working side by side, formed the next subject under consideration. The matter of conflicting jurisdiction where Bishops of the two communions, as in the countries referred to, are sent by their respective Churches into the same territories, was also considered under this head, as was also the extent of Episcopal control over clergy and catechists appointed and supported by voluntary organizations and societies; and the question of the appointment of Bishops for races. "The position of Anglican Chaplains and Chaplaincies on the continent of Europe and elsewhere," was also considered, comprising the questions arising as to the establishment of chapels for foreign residents and travellers on the continent, whether English or American, and incidentally, the provision of Episcopal supervision for a reform movement in Spain and Portugal. The important subject

of infidelity received grave consideration, the discussion under this head being undoubtedly the most brilliant of all. The position which the Anglican Church should assume toward the "Old Catholics," and also with respect to individual reformers on the continent, as well as towards converts from the Armenian and other Christian communities in the East seeking fellowship with us: the relations of the Church to the Moravians, together with certain matters referring to the West Indian dioceses, the Church in Haiti, the law of marriage and divorce as affected by local legislation, a Board of Reference for matters connected with Foreign Missions, and difficulties arising from the revival of obsolete forms of Ritual, and from erroneous teaching on the subject of Confession, were all subjects of especial discussion, and the results of all these meetings, so far as formulated in reports and approved by unanimous voice and vote, I have in my Episcopal address brought before the clergy and laity of my diocese. The authoritative report of the Conference of the "Archbishops, Metropolitans, and other Bishops of the Holy Catholic Church, in full communion with the Church of England, one hundred in number, all exercis-

ing superintendence over Dioceses, or lawfully commissioned to exercise Episcopal functions therein," closes with these words:

"We do not claim to be lords over God's heritage, but we commend the results of this, our Conference, to the reason and conscience of our brethren, as enlightened by the Holy Spirit of God, praying that all throughout the world who call upon the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, may be of one mind, may be united in one fellowship, may hold fast the Faith once delivered to the Saints, and worship their one Lord in the spirit of purity and love."

At the close of the session on Friday, July 5th, the Conference took a recess for the purpose of giving time for the preparation of the reports of the various committees to which the subjects discussed on the floor of the Conference had been assigned. The committee of which I was a member met for three days at Farnham Castle, the Bishop of Winchester's palace, in Sussex, an ancient Episcopal castle, with terraced lawn, shadowed by cedars, skirting the stately park, and concealing in part the shattered keep. The interim before the re-assembling of the Conference for its final session, which extended from

the 22d to the 26th of July, inclusive, together with the unused hours of the days of meeting themselves, were largely given to social entertainments, in which the unbounded hospitality of our English hosts knew no stint. Breakfasts at Lord Cranbrooke's, to meet the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, Earl Beauchamp, and others; at the Rt. Hon. J. E. Hubbard's, to meet the Archbishops and Bishops; at Mr. Beresford Hope's, a brother-in-law of Lord Salisbury, to meet several of the nobility and Bishops; dinners at the Archbishops of Canterbury and Armagh, at the Bishops of London, Ely, and others, at the Lord Mayor's, in the celebrated Egyptian Hall of the Mansion House, at the "Charterhouse," where we were most kindly entertained throughout the Conference by its learned master, Dr. Currey; garden parties at Fulham and Kensington Palaces, at Mr. John Murray's, the celebrated publisher, at the Dean of Westminster, Dr. Stanley's; evenings at the Baroness Burdett Coutts', the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, Dr. Ellicott's, and others; conversazioni at the Westminster Palace Hotel and King's College, were among those I especially recall. On Sundays the visiting Bishops

were assigned to the various London Churches, and busy as I often am at home, I found myself again and again called upon for even more abundant services in Churches in London and its vicinity, and in several of the most noted Cathedrals. Thus passed the days of a month ever to be remembered. The end came at length, and after the expression of thanks to the Archbishop to whose most impartial and pains-taking presidency the Conference owed much of its unanimity, as well as the urbanity and decorum which characterized the proceedings from first to last, the members of the Second Lambeth Conference knelt together for the last time in the place of their deliberations for prayer and benediction, gratefully acknowledging the presence and the power of Him "who maketh men to be of one mind in an house."

On the following day, Saturday, July 27th, the closing public services were held in S. Paul's Cathedral. It was a day long to be remembered. Nearly all of the hundred Bishops were present, meeting at the great west door of the Cathedral the Archbishop of Canterbury and his Chaplains, together with the Dean and Chapter of S. Paul's. The American Bishops, as

specially the guests of the English prelates, had from the first been assigned in the order of their consecration to the care and courtesy of their brethren of corresponding seniority in the Episcopate, and in the long train of choristers, clergy and prelates, I walked, as on other occasions, with the Lord Bishop of Ely, Dr. Woodford, well known as the friend and biographer of Bishop Wilberforce. The scene was as picturesque as it was unprecedented. Passing through the thousands who had gathered to the service, the procession was one which could never have been assembled before. It was a fitting close to a most momentous gathering. The sermon was preached by my beloved uncle, the Bishop of Pennsylvania, Dr. Stevens. The theme was the attractions of the cross. The text was from S. John, xii, 32: "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me." An "Uplifted Christ" was held up before us as the remedy for evil in the heart, evils within the Church, evils in the world at large. This eloquent discourse, which won the praise of all who listened to it, as its author had earlier won the hearts of all with whom he had been brought in contact, closed with these earnest words, af-

ter a noble apostrophe to the Mother Church of England :

“The next time, dear brethren, that we meet together, will be before the Great White Throne. Such a thought warns us that we must be watching, waiting, working, until the day of death comes ; and when that shall come, may we each, through faith in the atoning blood of an uplifted Jesus, pass in through the gate into the Celestial City, and hear from the lips of Him who sitteth upon the Throne, ‘Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.’”

Matins had been earlier said, and the solemn act of united worship, in which all the members of the Conference were to unite ere parting forever, so far as this life is concerned, was prefaced by the *Te Deum*, sung as an introit, following the grand processional hymn, familiar the world around.—“The Church’s One Foundation is Jesus Christ, her Lord.” Cold and dead indeed must have been the heart that did not thrill with emotion at such a sight, or beat impressively to the full rich melody of such a song. The service was simply the Eucharistic Office, rendered with all the accompaniments

of solemn state befitting the occasion and the place ; and the worship, in its deep impressiveness, its absorbing devotion and simple majesty, seemed somewhat to image forth the adoration ever going on before the Throne above.

After the sermon, the Archbishops and Bishops entered the Sanctuary, and the celebration of the Holy Communion began. The Primate and Metropolitans, with the senior Bishops of the Scottish and American Churches, administered the consecrated elements, and the number of the faithful who pressed forward to receive the sacred feast was so great that four consecrations were requisite ere all could be supplied. The service over, the great procession moved in reverse order to the apse of the Cathedral, where a few words were spoken by the Archbishop, who invoked the blessing of God upon those about him, and in behalf of the Bishops of England, expressed their heartfelt thanks to the brethren who had come hither from foreign lands, and bade them, in the name of God, farewell. Thus closed, with prayer and loving words, the Lambeth Conference of 1878.

## X.

### THE MEMBERS OF THE CONFERENCE.

ANY account of the Lambeth Conference would be confessedly imperfect without some notice of its *personnel*. The members of this body were, from their position, picked men, who from their antecedents and their very individuality could not fail to impress profoundly one who was almost the youngest of them all.

First and foremost in rank, as he was unquestionably in his presence and “many-sidedness” of character, was the Primate of all England, Dr. Archibald Campbell Tait. Saddened

and softened by the bereavement which had so lately removed his only son from earth, there was seen in his every act and movement that gentle, affable, and courteous manner which revealed the catholicity of an earnest christian character. As the host of a hundred Bishops who recognized in him, if not a patriarchal dignity, a pre-eminence willingly and reverently accorded to the incumbent of the chair of S. Austin of Canterbury, his evident sympathy with the toils and trials, the prejudices and prepossessions, the varying experiences and processes of thought, of his brethren from all over the earth, won a universal admiration not unmixed with love. In personal appearance, there was a remarkable combination of the look and manner of the scholar and the courtier. Ever ready in debate, the master of a simple, unaffected, but logical and sustained rhetoric, displaying in the expression of his own convictions an evident unwillingness that his tastes and prejudices should be deemed the measure of the Church's liberty, tolerant, fair and equitable in his address and rulings, and at the same time astute in feeling the temper of his auditors and brethren, and singularly adroit in the manage-

ment of one of the most independent and unimpassable gatherings possible to conceive, the Archbishop's presidency was above praise. While avoiding all appearance of dictation, his presence and position were always felt; and the harmony and unanimity of the Conference were largely due to his uniform affability and good temper and his masterly leadership. One was proud to recognize in the foremost man of the Anglican Episcopate a Bishop who felt that the dignity of his lawn was by no means compromised by preaching in the open air to the crowds in Covent Garden market, or to the cabmen in a stable yard at Islington, or to the weavers of Bethnal Green. Kindly, thoughtful, considerate, this large-hearted prelate endeared himself to each of his American brethren, and impressed us profoundly with his eminent fitness for the trying though dignified position he has been chosen of God to fill.

Beside him sat the Primate of England, the Archbishop of York, a man of noble bearing, formed for leadership, direct and daring in statement, impatient of contradiction, ready and often defiant in debate, and speaking with a lion-like voice and an energy of manner compelling

attention and respect. As a metaphysician, a scholar, an author, a favorite at court, and a recognized power among all classes and conditions of men throughout his northern Archdiocese, there was that in Dr. Thompson's presence and speech which commanded the careful hearing of his brethren. Full of generous impulses, and accessible to all; dispensing a princely hospitality at Bishopthorpe during and after the Conference; and doing good service as chairman of several committees while the session lasted, the Archbishop entered each day more and more heartily into the work assigned to us and constantly grew in the regard and respect of his brethren.

Next to the Archbishop of York sat the Primate of all Ireland, the Archbishop of Armagh, Dr. Marcus Gervais Beresford, a man of noble presence, as well as of noble lineage, who won all hearts by his graceful courtesy to all his brethren, and by the exercise of an open-handed hospitality at his London home.

On the left of the Archbishop of Canterbury sat the well-known and widely-loved Archbishop of Dublin, Dr. Richard Chenevix Trench. Years and much physical suffering had left

their trace upon the face of the poet, author, theologian, and almost universal scholar. Rarely speaking, but constant in his devotion to the work of the Conference, it was a privilege to sit and see one whose name is held in such high esteem, and whose writings are read and studied all over the English-speaking world.

Among the Archbishops and Metropolitans, the Primus of the Church of Scotland, Dr. Robert Eden, Bishop of Moray, Ross and Caithness, claimed the especial regard and respect of his brethren from America, who could not fail to remember that from his predecessor we in the Western World received in the person of the first Bishop of Connecticut, the Apostolic succession, up to that time denied us by the Mother Church of England. Without being a skilled debater, Dr. Eden's words were characterized by great prudence, while his broad sympathy and generous bearing towards all branches of the Church Catholic, and his deep interest in, and appreciation of, the struggling reform-measures on the continent of Europe undertaken by those who were seeking emancipation from the yoke of Rome, marked him as a leading member of the committees to which were entrusted

subjects of this nature, and indicated his attitude, since the close of the Conference, as the bold and ready friend of the celebrated Hyacinthe and the old Catholic Bishops in Germany and Switzerland.

Among the Metropolitans of the Colonial Provinces, the attention of the American Bishops was especially directed to the genial Dr. Barker, of Sydney; the devoted friend and successor of the Apostolic Selwyn, Dr. Harper, of Christ Church, New Zealand; the well-known and beloved Dr. Oxenden, of Montreal, whose religious writings are found in almost every home, as they are certainly translated into almost every tongue of our common Christianity; and the youthful and attractive Dr. William West Jones, the successor of the lion-hearted Dr. Robert Gray, of Cape Town, South Africa.

Among the Bishops of the Mother Church, *facile princeps*, was the scholar and author, Dr. Christopher Wordsworth, Bishop of Lincoln, a man of primitive piety and matchless erudition, whose valuable works in almost every department of literature reproduce in this nineteenth century the learning and devotion of Andrews, while his fearlessness and zeal are those of an

Athanasius. Inheriting an illustrious name ; in his youth, at Cambridge, sweeping the University of its prizes and honors ; winning fame as a poet, a traveller, a commentator, and an acute observer of contemporary history and manners, he has made the theological world his debtor for his exegetical, polemic and hortatory contributions, while his personal magnetism has surrounded him with the most devoted of friends, and the wisest and most learned fellow workers.

Of the learned Dr. Harold Browne, Bishop of Winchester, we have already spoken. His varied attainments, his readiness in discussion, and the ability and moderation with which he spoke, commanded universal respect.

The Bishop of London, Dr. Jackson, well-known in this country through the wide circulation of his work on “Little Sins,” was a constant attendant at the Conference, though by no means a frequent speaker. His Episcopate has been marked by firmness, wisdom, and moderation, in the midst of peculiar difficulties. At his palace at Fulham, a veritable “moated grange,” we were hospitably entertained, as on occasion of an earlier visit to the “old home,” and in the society of the Bishop’s family we

renewed most pleasantly old memories as well as formed and deepened many which will never be effaced. In the library are still many faded and crumbling letters from the Colonial clergy of the past century, addressed from our American settlements to their Diocesan, the Bishop of London, whose See was held to include all the British possessions abroad. Familiar as we were with these valuable historical papers, it was with no little interest that we saw not merely the transcripts which had long been in our hands, but the *verba ipsissima*, written by the noble men who laid broad and deep, under the favoring protection of Almighty God, the foundations of the American Church.

The Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, Dr. Ellicott, noted for his exegetical works, and conspicuous where all were hospitable and kind for the charm of his entertainments, was one whose vast erudition and mastership of arguments and facts were specially noticeable.

The eloquent Bishop of Peterborough, Dr. Magee, though speaking but seldom, redeemed the promise of his reputation as the most effective and graceful orator on the bench of English Bishops.

We met the venerable Dr. Jacobson, Bishop of Chester, at Fulham Palace, and saw him again in his own home by the side of the river Dee. Years have passed since we had made ourselves familiar with this learned prelate's scholarly edition of the Apostolic Fathers, and it was a singular pleasure to find in his genial presence and abundant fund of kindly humor that not only a grave and revered Bishop, but a consummate scholar, could be so agreeable and improving a companion and friend.

The Bishop of Hereford, Dr. Atlay, we had heard years before at S. Paul's, and our pleasant acquaintance, increased by a most delightful visit to his ancient palace on the banks of the Wye, where we spent a Sunday with the Bishop, in the midst of his charming family, is among our most cherished recollections of the Conference. Dr. Atlay is a man of noble bearing, a vigorous speaker, and, in common with his lovely wife, is deeply interested in everything relating to the Church in America.

Lord Arthur Charles Hervey, the Bishop of Bath and Wells, is a brother of Lord Charles A. Hervey, who had been our host when in England for the first time. We visited the palace

of this excellent, judicious and beloved prelate, which is interesting to the antiquarian as retaining the moat, and draw-bridge, the crenelated walls, and all the accessories of a mediæval Castle, while to the Churchman it is specially endeared by its associations with the Apostolic Bishop Ken. The traditional spot where this prelate of primitive piety composed his Morning and Evening Hymns is pointed out in a shady nook alongside the frowning battlements Lord Hervey and his wife, Lady Jane Hervey, entertained the Bishops at their beautiful home with most graceful hospitality.

The most beautiful and architecturally complete of all the Cathedrals of England is Salisbury, rising in its stately perfection from a most perfect bit of greensward, which with its surroundings of Palace, Deanery, and the other official residences, forms the "close." Here we met and were charmingly entertained by Bishop and Mrs. Moberly in their home, among the clambering vines and roses. The Bishop, for many years the Head Master of William of Wykeham's Winchester School, and widely known in America as the author of some very valuable theological works, was among the most influen-

tial of the members of the Conference. Conspicuous for his learning, his prudence, his wise judgment, combined with a most persuasive oratory, he displayed great gentleness and sweetness of manner, winning all hearts. Venerable in his appearance, he is still vigorous in the discharge of his episcopal duties, while his active and acute mind has known no loss of its power or grasp of thought.

Among the Scotch prelates, the Bishop of S. Andrew's, Dr. Wordsworth, the brother of the Bishop of Lincoln; the Bishop of Edinburgh, Dr. Cotterill, one of the Secretaries of the Conference, and the Bishop of Argyll and the Isles, Dr. Mackarness, brother of the Bishop of Oxford, were specially noticeable. Of the Irish Bishops, the eloquent Dr. Alexander, Bishop of Derry; the learned Dr. Fitzgerald, Bishop of Killaloe; and our old friend and associate at the Old Catholic Conference at Bonn in 1875, Lord Plunkett, Bishop of Meath, were the most prominent.

Very dear to all the American Bishops was Dr. Medley, Bishop of Fredericton, and, since the Conference, the successor of Dr. Oxenden, as Metropolitan of the British North American

Dioceses. Well known to us from his occasional presence at our synodical gatherings, he was evidently the foremost among the Colonial Bishops, and his incisive arguments, his fearless expression of opinion, and his far-seeing and wise counsel were always listened to with profound respect. Our old friends, the Bishops of Ontario, Huron and Niagara, were occasional speakers and contributed not a little to the interest of the Conference.

Of the younger Bishops, Dr. Copleston, of Colombo ; Dr. Macrorie, of Maritzburgh ; Dr. Webb, of Bloemfontein ; Dr. Mylne, of Bombay ; and Dr. Mitchinson, of Barbadoes, were each men of mark. The Bishop of Colombo had entered upon his work on the island of Ceylon with great energy, and all the devotion of a Heber or a Selwyn. Dr. Macrorie was filling with singular prudence the post left vacant by the deposed Colenso. Dr. Webb was conducting a missionary work of great promise on principles of the primitive age. Dr. Mylne, perhaps the most "advanced" of any of the Bishops present, was distinguished for his learning and absorbing devotion to his work ; while Dr. Mitchinson was able to interest the Confer-

ence in several matters which at first sight seemed of diocesan importance only, but which were found to involve principles of general moment. The Bishop of the Falkland Islands, Dr. Sterling, an amiable and excellent man, of agreeable manners and most attractive presence, was an object of no little interest to all as having in charge the farthest portions of South America; while the scholarly and agreeable Bishop of Gibraltar, Dr. Sandford, with whom we had travelled when on the Continent a few years before, was a competent and always interesting witness of the remarkable movements in the direction of a return to Catholicity which have transpired within the last few years in Germany, Switzerland, France, and Italy. The Bishop of Rupertsland, Dr. Machray, whose jurisdiction of almost illimitable space at the far North has become a Metropolitical See, was also a Bishop whose devotion to the work of Christ had led him to undertake a work requiring fearful exposure and vast powers of endurance, willingly entered upon for the sake of the Lord Jesus.

Of the American Bishops, it is only necessary to say that the Bishops of Ohio, Pennsylvania,

and Western New York exercised the widest influence and received the most abundant tokens of respect. Bishop Bedell's graceful and genial manner, the broad Catholicity of his views, the cogent and impressive speeches made on the floor of the Conference, and the finished and eloquent sermons preached in cathedrals and churches in various places, won for him great praise. Bishop Stevens's admirable discourses at Westminster Abbey, at Canterbury, at S. Paul's, at S. Saviour's, Leeds, and elsewhere, his readiness in debate and the post of honor accorded him as the preacher of the closing discourse at the Conference, proved him to be a central figure among his brethren. Bishop Cleveland Coxe's name in England was as it has long been, "familiar as a household word." In the Conference he spoke rarely, but always with power. Singularly happy in his abundant historical and classical allusions; displaying a minute acquaintance with the men and measures, the controversies and problems of the times; mingling even with his most prosaic utterances the charm of his imagination and the rhythmic flow of numbers, his public efforts attracted admiring crowds, while in social circles,

or on the public days of our visits to Canterbury, Lincoln, and elsewhere, he lost none of his old reputation as poet, preacher and prelate, in each capacity well deserving the praise of his brethren of the old world and the new.

The wise and cautious Bishop Lee, of Delaware, as well as his dignified and widely-known brother of New York, Dr. Potter, received each a fitting meed of reverence, as their years and wisdom claimed. The late Bishop of Louisiana, Dr. Wilmer, was from his originality and many genial qualities, a universal favorite. The Bishops of Pittsburgh and Long Island spoke with force and elegance and were listened to with attention and respect. The Bishop of Albany revived in many minds memories of his father, the Bishop of New Jersey, whose visit to England left impressions which will not soon die out. The Bishops of Nebraska, Central Pennsylvania, and the Assistant Bishop of North Carolina were less frequently heard on the floor of the Conference, but made favorable impressions by their public utterances. The Bishops of Missouri, New Jersey, Wisconsin and Colorado took little or no part in the Conference debates, but were by no means uninterested or unimportant mem-

bers of the Body, and in pulpits and on platforms were always received with favor. The Bishop of Shanghai attracted general attention and commanded wide respect from his vast erudition, while the Bishop of Haiti, Dr. Holly, from the fact that he alone represented his race in the Conference, as well as on account of his acknowledged abilities, received marked notice and every token of interest and regard.

From these brief and sketchy outlines of my own impressions of my brethren with whom I sat during the memorable Lambeth meeting, I would turn to other matters incidentally connected with my English visit and thus forming a part of my personal narrative.

## XI.

### THE CHARTERHOUSE.

OUR London home during the Conference was at the Charterhouse, where we were entertained as guests of the Master of this noted foundation. Here in the midst of the city's din,—with Smithfield Markets just beyond the walls; with the Bank and Post Office near at hand, and S. Paul's, seen from every point, towering over the confused and crowded streets, in which the business of the world is ever going on,—green fields abound and shady trees and flowers of every hue attract the eye, while the old-time architec-

ture of the long rambling halls and cloisters, and the quiet walks of the founders, and the ample play-grounds of the Carthusian boys, tell of an age long past and of events connecting us with the men and scenes of many centuries. Here, where now a noble charitable foundation of the Reformed Church of England exists, and has existed for several hundred years, once stood a Carthusian monastery dating its origin back to the fourteenth century.

The legend tells us that at the funeral of a celebrated theologian of Paris, who died in the year 1082 in the odor of sanctity, the obsequies were strangely and solemnly interrupted. As the service was going on, the corpse three times lifted its head from the bier and declared, first, that the dead saint had been arraigned before the bar of Heaven, then that he had been tried for the deeds done in the body, and finally, that he had been condemned by the just judgment of God. Influenced by this strange revelation of the unseen world, the Chancellor of the Cathedral of Reims, Bruno, a native of Cologne, withdrew from all secular labors and devoted his life to the strictest asceticism. Six personal friends accompanied him in his retreat from the world,

and soon, among the mountains in Dauphine, in a spot difficult of approach and nestled among the clouds, *La Grande Chartreuse*, so styled from the hills which had been named *Chaire Dicu* (in modern French *Chaise Dieu*) arose. The example of Bruno was followed all over Europe, and within less than a hundred years from the institution of this religious order it had extended into England. In the middle of the fourteenth century, A. D. 1345-49, a terrible plague devastated Asia and Europe and caused the death of half of the inhabitants of England. For the purpose of providing a place for the burial of the dead, the Bishop of London purchased a field of three acres outside the city limits, and known as "No Man's Land," where he erected a chapel in which masses were to be said for the repose of those buried about its walls. This provision proving insufficient, Sir Walter de Manny, Lord of Manny in the province of Hainault, purchased thirteen acres and a rod of land, outside the bar of West Smithfield, from the Master and brethren of S. Bartholomew's Hospital, and in this "God's Acre" more than fifty thousand dead were buried. The founder of this charity was a Flemish nobleman who

had accompanied Queen Philippa of Hainault to England, on her marriage with King Edward III. His deeds of martial prowess are recorded in the pages of that most delightful chronicler of knightly days, Froissart. The King recognizing his follower's merit, made the brave soldier a peer of the realm, and a Privy Councillor, as well as a Knight of the Order of the Garter. He was a good Christian as well as a good soldier, and, subsequently to the devotion of the "Spittle Croft," erected in 1371 a Carthusian monastery which was completed the following year. At the close of 1372 the good knight died and was buried in the middle of the choir of the monastery chapel. Froissart tells us of the funeral, which was attended by the King and his children, together with the Nobles and Bishops of England. An alabaster tomb, no trace of which exists, marked the resting-place of the worthy Knight; but his noblest memorial was the religious house he had founded and endowed, and from which there flowed for many years a ceaseless stream of works of charity and devotion. While many a religious house was in the laxity of the times sadly diverted from its pious intent, no word of censure ever assailed the fair

fame of the Prior or brethren of Charterhouse. On this holy ground the famed Sir Thomas More, and the celebrated Dean Colet found a temporary retreat from the cares and confusions of the world outside.

It was left for Henry VIII., in his spoliation of the monastic foundations all over England, to sacrifice, not to any religious zeal or political forethought, but to his personal greed, this venerable foundation: and on the 4th of May, A. D. 1535, the Prior of Charterhouse, John Houghton, with several of the Carthusian brethren, "ready to suffer rather than disobey the Church," were hanged, drawn and quartered, the Prior's arm being placed over the entrance gate of the grounds, in accordance with the barbarous spirit of the times.

There are few more graphic or more touching narratives to be found in Mr. Froude's History of England than the description he gives of the last service of the Carthusians in the chapel of the Charterhouse; and read upon the spot, with the surroundings of the very stones which heard these good men's prayers, and witnessed their heroic devotion to their faith, the vivid recital of the historian became almost painful in

its impression upon the mind. In the confiscation of the convent grounds, which followed the execution of a large number of the Monks and the desolation of the house, the property was given by the King to Lord Edward North, and on the accession of Queen Elizabeth to the throne, the Queen resided for some days at Charterhouse, spending here the eventful night preceding her coronation. During Queen Elizabeth's reign the property was purchased by the Duke of Norfolk, who resided in this noble house till he was committed to the Tower in 1569 for his projected marriage with Mary, Queen of Scots. The following year he was released and permitted to reside at his palace in the Charterhouse, where for two years he amused himself in adding to the splendor of the building by the enlargement of the great hall and the enrichment of the structure by the addition of magnificent wainscoting, covered stairways and galleries, and noble fire-places of most intricate adornment, all of which bearing his cypher or crest, are still among the glories of this ancient palace-home. But unfortunately the charms of the building did not keep the Duke from his intrigues in behalf of the beautiful Queen of the Scots, and the discovery of

some seditious papers under the tiles of the roof of the Charterhouse, and beneath the matting at the vestibule of the Duke's bed-chamber, caused this unfortunate nobleman to lose his head.

On the accession of James, five hundred of the citizens of London, in velvet gowns and wearing chains of gold, with the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, met the King at Highgate, on his approach to the city, on the 7th of May, 1603, and conducted him in grand procession to Charterhouse, where he kept his court for four days, making more than eighty knights; while he shortly after created his host, the son of the Duke who had aspired to his royal mother's hand, Earl of Suffolk. From this nobleman, Thomas Sutton, a wealthy layman of the Church of England, at the instigation of Dr. Joseph Hall, afterward Bishop of Norwich, purchased the property for the purpose of founding a noble charity for young and old. Thirteen thousand pounds sterling was the sum paid for the Charterhouse, which was endowed with a princely revenue, and in spite of the covetous designs of King James I. and the attempt of Lord Bacon to alienate the property, which, to his credit be it recorded, Sir Edward Coke bravely resisted, the pious designs of the founder were realized.

“And thus,” to quote an old chronicler of the Charterhouse, “the soil which of ancient time was given by Sir Walter de Manny, a knight and soldier, for the sepulchre of poor men when they were dead, is now by Thomas Sutton, an esquire and a soldier, converted and consecrated to the sustenance of the poor and impotent whilst they live.” The foundation provides a school for the young and a home for aged men of character and reputation. The school has long been famous. Here the Poet, Richard Crashaw, and the theologian, Dr. Isaac Barrow, were boys at school. Here Richard Steele and Joseph Addison, the famous John Wesley and Sir William Blackstone, Grote and Thirlwall, Julius Hare and Sir Henry Havelock, Archbishop Manners Sutton, John Leech, the caricaturist, and William Makepeace Thackeray\* were educated. Thackeray was a Carthusian, and no one who has read “The Newcomes” can forget the touching description this great writer gives of the “Grey Friars” school of his boyhood, and the kindly refuge where the Colonel ends his career.

The “Master” of the Charterhouse is the Rev. George Currey, D.D., of S. John’s College, Cambridge, the author of a commentary on the

Book of Ecclesiastes, and a scholar of distinguished ability and renown. Under his efficient management the Charterhouse has proved a most useful and noble foundation, as it had been in the past. Eighty “foundationers” have here their home and ample support, till at the call of death the “adsum” is heard as the reply; while the great school of five hundred pupils, now removed to Godalming, outside of London, under the charge of the Rev. Dr. Haig-Brown, is even more flourishing than when in the heart of London. As of old, it is doing the work the founder desired, yielding results to the glory of God and the good of the Church of Christ.

In this noble home, with its wonderful carvings, its splendid paintings, its walls hung with tapestry, its quaint courts and corridors, its cloistered walks and green squares, its ancient chapel and its ineffacable historical associations, we were welcomed with the ample and unsparing hospitality for which the English are noted. From the moment we crossed the threshold of the “Master’s Lodge” every effort was made by each member of the dear household where we were so happily domiciled to make us feel that we were indeed *at home*. To say more would be unnecessary.

## XII.

### THE LORD MAYOR'S DINNER.

AMONG the noteworthy incidents connected with our “Canterbury Pilgrimage,” as the Bishop of Ohio felicitously styled our journey to and from the See of S. Austin, was the Lord Mayor’s dinner to the Archbishops and Bishops from all quarters of the globe who made up the Second Lambeth Conference. This gathering of prelates in unwonted numbers at a civic feast gove to the occasion so often described, a novelty rendering it worthy of record.

The Mansion house, a noble specimen of the style of architecture prevailing in the days of good Queen Anne, stands in the very heart of the “city.” By day it is almost unapproachable from its surroundings of vehicles and the restless, busy throng of passers-by, but when the din of traffic and pleasure has gone down with the sun, it is well-nigh deserted in its stately grandeur. Within this palatial home of the highest civic dignitary of London have occurred those well-known feasts of which every one has heard even from childhood, and which have been described by none more happily than by our own Hawthorne. It was not without a pleasant reminding of early reading and earlier nursery lore that the Bishop of Iowa and Mrs. Perry received and accepted in due form the polite invitation of the Lord Mayor and the Lord Mayoress to dine at the Mansion House to meet the Archbishops and Bishops. One formidable difficulty stared at least one of the American Bishops in the face. It was the requirement of “*full dress*” in the corner of the immense card of invitation. What was the “*full dress*” of an American Bishop? Surely not the “broidered” purple coat of cut-a-way style, reproducing the

fashion of two centuries since, with the silk stockings and knee-breeches with silver buckles, and “pumps” with buckles to correspond, without which no English Bishop ever appears at dinner! One’s limbs could not be thus exposed to unwonted and quite undesirable publicity with only the flimsy protection of the black silk stockings with which our grandfathers of all ranks appeared when in “full dress.” And so the bold resolve was taken, in spite of “Mrs. Grundy,” to appear in the dress we should have worn at home on a similar occasion, were such an “occasion” possible in Republican America. This point settled—and we frankly say that it occasioned not a little discussion among the American Bishops in attendance upon the Conference—the rest was comparatively easy. When we were “put down” by the carriage of our kind host, Dr. Currey, who accompanied us, at the Mansion House, and had passed up the long ascent of the grand staircase,—“the Master of the Charterhouse, the Bishop of Iowa and Mrs. Perry,” being announced in most stentorian manner at different points of our progress—at length the splendid reception hall, adorned with carved ceilings and walls, with splendid

marble fire-places at either end, was reached through a crowd of officials of the household, arrayed in scarlet coats with silver epaulets, and footmen in the city livery of blue and buff, bedizened with lace and embroidery. At one end of the spacious hall, supported on either side by the mace bearer and sword bearer in their old-time costumes at once picturesque and amusing, stood the Lord Mayor, gorgeously arrayed in his official robes, with the massive gold collar about his neck, betokening his civic dignity. The Lady Mayoress, Mrs. Owden, a kindly and fair-faced representative of her sex, stood beside her husband, richly dressed and evidently enjoying her position. The simple presentation over, the next matter of interest was to watch the coming of the many invited guests, upwards of three hundred and twenty in all. A folio page printed in gold and colors was in everyone's hands, giving the names of all who were present, and showing, by reference to a diagram, the place of each at the long tables, thus affording the means of identifying each one's neighbors at the feast. The civic officers, the aldermen and sheriffs, were in velvet suits, those of a past age, and striking in their quaintness and splendor. The

clergy wore their academic gowns and cassocks with bands. The nobility present wore their "orders" and decorations. Military and naval guests were in full uniform. The ladies were magnificently attired. The dress required at the court receptions and "drawing rooms" was largely adopted, and as name after name was announced and the guests passed through the long line of those who had already been presented, the scene became one of great interest. Among the numbers present, nearly four score were Archbishops, Metropolitans and Bishops, in whose special honor the feast was given. Music filled up the intervals between the arrivals of the distinguished guests, and when the moment came for the movement to the "Egyptian Hall," where the state dinners are held, it was surprising that in so large a gathering there should be no confusion, no disorder, but a quiet assignment of each to his designated place—all being ready in a moment for the "grace" said by the Lord Mayor's chaplain. The "menu," which was exquisitely printed and thoroughly artistic in its design and execution, was before us, and the stately feast was soon begun. It was an imposing sight. The immense hall was

flooded with light. The lofty ceiling was supported on rich columns of polished marble. Paintings and mirrors covered the walls, and the gleam of the city's gold and silver plate displayed behind the Lord Mayor's elevated seat was reflected on every side. Soft music, now from an orchestra of skilled performers, and now from a single harp exquisitely played, interrupted the clash of dishes and the hum of conversation. The long lines of tables, the one occupied by the Lord Mayor, Archbishops, Metropolitans, and their wives, extending along the length of the room, and eight tables placed longitudinally across the breadth of the hall, were completely filled, and the numerous attendants in the quaint livery of the olden-time were busily occupied in the duties of the hour. The grand repast over and the clatter of service hushed, "thanks" were returned by the chaplain and the "feast of reason and the flow of soul" began. The "toast-master," from his position beside the Lord Mayor's chair of state, at first in most magniloquent style coupling the names and titles of the Lord Mayor and each Bishop present, expressed the gratification of the host at the success of the occasion. It would be impossible to convey an

idea of the struggle of this worthy man with the titles of the American Bishops. Iowa was transformed to "E-o-wah"; Ohio was called "O-e-o"; Missouri was made akin to "Misery," and Pennsylvania sounded oddly enough as "Pennsyl-vah-ne-ah." These are but specimens and will serve to indicate the puzzle of our English friends over our distinctive American names. This amusing preface was followed by the circulation among the guests of the "grace" or "loving-cup," which, with all the antique ceremony of a far-away age, formed one of the unique features of the feast. Recalling the days when death was not infrequently dealt at the festal board, three of the guests stand as the massive silver cup is passed so that no treacherous assault could be made while the unsuspecting victim was deep in his cups. The Lord Mayor taking the loving-cup in both hands turns to the guest by his side, who removes the cover for his Lordship to drink. This done, and the rim of the goblet carefully wiped with a napkin, the guest replaces the cover and receives the vessel into his own hands, and turns to his next neighbor, who performs the same kindly office for him, while the next to him stands to wait his

turn. The third removes the cover for the second to take his draught, and the fourth for the third, the cover being carefully replaced between, and so the long-rows of guests are united in this pledge of love. Next came the cry, "My Lord Mayor, my Lords, ladies and gentlemen; I pray you silence for the Lord Mayor's speech," and a pleasant address of welcome followed, to which, in the absence of the Archbishop, consequent upon his recent domestic bereavement, the Archbishop of York responded in a most felicitous speech. The Metropolitan of Sidney, Dr. Barker, replied to the toast to the Colonial Churches, and the Bishop of New York to that referring most kindly to the American Church. The Lord Mayor seemed somewhat oblivious of the events of a century ago, separating a portion of the "colonies" from the British empire, but his amusing reference to the American Bishops as "Colonial Prelates" was happily corrected by our good Bishop Potter. The speeches were full of interest, some of them were brilliant; and the spectacle in this noble hall, with the blazonry of silver and gold making the surroundings of the Lord Mayor and his guests gorgeous, with the glory of the

great windows of stained glass illustrating epochs of the city's history and illuminated for the occasion; with exquisite statues in niches all about us, and with the grace and splendor seen upon the floor, was one of striking interest. At length the health of the Lord Bishop of London was proposed, to which Dr. Jackson responded with dignity and point. Taking this as the signal for departure, the banquet was quickly deserted by the guests, and soon the announcement that "the carriage of the Master of the Charterhouse blocks the way," found us, at near midnight, quite ready to accompany our most excellent host to our delightful London home. Through the thronged streets we were rapidly driven, and shortly the hospitable walls of the Charterhouse enclosed us once more.

### XIII.

#### LINCOLN AND RISEHOLME.

MORE beautiful in our eyes than any other of the Cathedrals of England is Lincoln, “on its sovran height.” As the pilgrim to the shrine of S. Hugh approaches the city from the fens and lowlands of the country roundabout, the view of the noble Minster crowning the hill-top and apparently resting on the tops of tall trees, which appear to lift it up on high, seems to be a revelation of a bit of “the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God, out of heaven.” No other Cathedral thus stands out against the

horizon, perfect in outline and graceful in every architectural detail. The towers and lofty nave were seen in bold relief against the smoky foggy sky as we neared the city, and soon in the Bishop's carriage, which met us at the station, we were driven up the steep ascent, and beside the beautiful west front, and then under the Roman arch, two thousand years old, and over the Roman road leading to the Bishop's palace.

Invited as we were to Risholme, the palace of the reverend and beloved Bishop Wordsworth, with whom we had spent several days on occasion of one of our earlier pilgrimages to Lincoln, we were welcomed by the Bishop and Mrs. Wordsworth to one of the most interesting "homes" of England. The Bishop's vast collection of books filled room after room, and hall and vestibule besides. It was the accumulation of several generations, for the learned Bishop is the son of a noted scholar, the Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, as well as the nephew of the poet. A son of Canon Wordsworth, whose acquaintance we had made before, is a fellow of Brasenose, Oxford, and bids fair, both in scholarship and literary work, to do honor to the name he bears. Of the ladies of the family, we

can only say that Mrs. Wordsworth was certainly one of the loveliest women we saw in England, while her daughters, by their charm of manner and thorough culture, make Riseholme a most attractive spot, and the home-circle there one of the most interesting of the many in which we were fortunate enough to be made welcome.

We were just in time for dinner, which was served in the grand hall, the walls of which bore the portraits of the former Bishops of the See from the days of good S. Hugh. There was a pleasant gathering of the Cathedral dignitaries, the neighboring nobility, and Bishops from various quarters of the world, and the occasion was one of great enjoyment. After the dinner, and when coffee had been served in the long drawing-room, the bell rang to prayers and the whole company proceeded to the private chapel of the palace, which was under the same roof and had all the seemly deckings of any house of prayer. The servants, more than a score in number, were all in their places, each with bible, prayer book, and the good Bishop's own hymnal, "The Holy Year," in hand. The Bishop, fully robed, occupied his "stall," and the other Bishops were arranged beside him, while the family

and guests filled the seats about the third side of the chapel, the front of which had its altar with cross and candlesticks and its vesting of embroidered cloth. The service of evening prayer was said by the Bishop's son and chaplain, the Rev. John Wordsworth, M.A., and the music was rendered by the little congregation, led by the instrumental performance of a daughter of the Bishop. Thus sweetly closed the day, with the dear words of the Church's prayers and praise, and after a pleasant "good night," we were soon in our rooms, wooing the coveted repose of sleep.

In the morning, after a visit to the parish church and the grave of good Bishop Kaye, whose historical works I had learned years ago to prize, and whose son, the present Archdeacon of Lincoln, I had the pleasure of meeting the night before, we drove into the city, where the Precentor, the Rev. Mr. Venables, took us all over the Cathedral, and Mr. James Parker, the distinguished antiquarian and archæologist, added his admirable expositions of the many striking beauties which met our eyes at every turn. It is impossible to describe them or to do justice to the sermon by our own dear Bishop of Western New York, which followed a noble choral

service. It was a splendid piece of oratory from one who never speaks without giving “goodly words.” After the service the long procession of Bishops and clergy in their robes, with a crowd of the congregation, proceeded to the grounds of the old palace, now disused and in ruins, adjacent to the Cathedral, where the venerable Bishop, his pastoral staff in hand, addressed words of special welcome to the Bishops from abroad, concluding with a felicitous reference to the presence of the Historian of the Church of England, one of his own clergy, the Rev. Canon Perry, and the Historiographer of the American Church, the Bishop of Iowa, who bore the same name. Short speeches followed, after which refreshments were served, and shortly we were rattling over the old Roman flinty pavement to the palace at Riseholme, three miles away. It was hard, the following morning, to leave a spot where every attraction conspired to delay the visitor. Here was a library of thousands of volumes, old and new, rare and *rarissima*. Here were interesting portraits giving the beholder a lesson in English history. Here were letters and manuscript poems of Wordsworth, Southey, Lamb, Byron, Rogers, Campbell, Kirk White, and Tennyson. Here were sweet views of Eng-

lish rural scenery at every turn, for Riseholme stands apart from the world, and is a charming little world of itself. But the going was a necessity, and early though the starting was, it was not too early for the dear Bishop's personal farewell and blessing, and the gentle presence of his wife, whose sweet courtesy and interest in her guests was thus kindly shown. Sooner than we wished a turn in the road shut out from view delightful Riseholme, and we were again hurrying to the station, on our way to Peterborough and towards our London home.

It was our third visit to this noble shrine, the sepulchre of Katherine of Aragon, and the spot where the mutilated body of Mary, Queen of Scots, rested awhile ere it was laid in Westminster Abbey, not far from the remains of her rival and murderer, Queen Elizabeth. It was a pleasant task to revive in mind and memory the noble Norman arches and columns of this noble Minster, and to point out to those of our party to whom Peterborough was a novelty the wonderful beauty of the west front, with its unique arcade. Reluctantly we passed under the gates of the Cathedral close into the city market-place, and were driven to the station *en route* for Ely.

## XIV.

### ELY.

WE had been entertained at Ely House in London by Bishop Woodford, to whose courtesy and fraternal care, in the thoughtful assignment of each American Bishop to an English prelate of corresponding years in the Episcopate, the Bishop of Iowa had been from the first allotted, and it was with no little pleasure that we stopped on our way from Lincoln to revisit the Cathedral at Ely, which is one of the finest in England, and where the Dean is no other than the distinguished historian, Dr. Merivale.

The faith of Christ was introduced into East-

Anglia near the end of the sixth century, by Redwald, grandson of Uffa, founder of the kingdom. A religious house is said to have been established at Ely about A. D. 604. Etheldreda, a princess of distinguished piety, had as her dower the Isle of Ely, so called from the fact that Ely was built upon the largest of a number of islands rising out of the waters of the Fens. This was in the middle of the seventh century, and on the death of her husband, she founded the monastery which the Danes destroyed in A. D. 870. Just a century later it was re-established by the Bishop of Winchester. Here it was, as an old English poem recites, that

Merrily sang the monks within Ely,  
When Canute, the King, rowed thereby;

and the monarch bade his knights rest on their oars, while they listened to the music of the vesper song.

The present Cathedral was begun by Simeon, the first Norman abbot (1082-1094); and prior to 1107 it was so far complete as to be consecrated to S. Peter and S. Etheldreda, the pious Queen, to whom the establishment of the first religious house in the Isle of Ely was due. The "Galilee" porch was built 1198-1215 and the Norman choir was rebuilt 1235-1252. The cen-

tral tower fell in 1322, and the octagon, which replaced it, was completed in 1328. The lantern was added between that time and 1342. The western part of the choir, ruined by the fall of the tower, was rebuilt about 1338. The Lady-chapel was begun in 1321 and finished in twenty-eight years. There is no Cathedral in England which possesses finer examples of the various successive styles of ecclesiastical architecture than that of Ely. The Norman portion of the building—the nave and transepts—is lighter in character than earlier examples of the same style. In fact, it bears many traces of transition from the round to the pointed style. Of each of the three periods of this pointed or Gothic style of architecture, Ely possesses pure and perfect specimens. The Galilee, or Western Porch, was built when the first or English style was perfected. The Octagon, three bays of the choir and the Lady Chapel, were built when the second or decorated English prevailed; and the chapels of Bishops Alcocke and West when the third or perpendicular style was adopted. The Cathedral thus illustrates the history of church architecture from the Conquest to the Reformation.

As one enters, the words of Isaac Williams occur to mind :

"Without, the world's unceasing noises rise,  
Turmoil, disquietude and busy fears;  
Within, there are the sounds of other years,  
Thoughts full of prayer and solemn harmonies."

The porch is, perhaps, a disfigurement in its place, hiding as it does, somewhat of the grand west front, but it brings out the noticeable points of the Cathedral, which are the great length, 565 feet, the noble appearance of the lofty arches, and the sublime grandeur of the whole effect, as seen on crossing the threshold. Pausing at the Baptistry, we cannot fail to notice the magnificence of the columns of the nave, which, purely Norman though they are, combine ornament and exquisite beauty hardly excelled by the more florid styles of architecture elsewhere seen. Entering the choir, we look up to note the decorated Lantern, gorgeous in its coloring, and then the eye is caught by the exquisite reredos, giving in tinted alabaster the five scenes of our Lord's passion, with accompanying tracery-carving of marvelous beauty. The altar, resplendent with its cloth of richest embroidery, thus finds its fitting back-ground, and the whole effect of the sanctuary is at once uplifting and eloquent of the Divine mysteries which here have their shrine. The chapels of Bishops Alcocke and West are each marvels of carved work, while the Lady

Chapel, a noble structure added at the north side of the choir, must have been, ere its spoliation by the Puritans, one of the grandest temples in England. It is, or rather was, a mass of most delicately and tastefully carved stonework, but not a figure out of thousands has escaped the mutilation of men who deemed that they were doing God service when they destroyed the carved work of His house “with axes and hammers.” That which the reverence of one age had lovingly offered to beautify the shrine of the Most High, the irreverence and intolerance of a later day wantonly destroyed. Upwards of three hundred thousand dollars have been expended within the past few years in restoring somewhat the old glory of this glorious fane! About the Cathedral, for we will not attempt to describe it, are many of the old buildings still used by those who serve in the house of the Lord. The palace of the Bishop is close at hand, and forms an imposing and appropriate adjunct to the west front. The King’s College, near by, and the homes of the Dean and Canons, are portions of the old buildings, and reproduce in whole or in part the Infirmary, the Cloisters, the Chapter House, and the other edifices of a great religious community. Quaint enough is the mosaic

the walls of these houses present. Noble Norman arches, with the striking dog-tooth ornamentations of early English pointed tracery, filled in with brick or stone, make the side of a modern English home, and from under a bit of old-time groining there looks out of a latticed window a bright-faced English maiden, decking herself for the evening repast, or a walk through the close. Amidst the tall columns cut and placed more than eight hundred years ago, is a modern kitchen, and the air is savory as we pass. Ferns and flowers but half conceal a broken "gargoyle," which was carved by men whose very sepulchres of hewn stone have crumbled into dust. The old and the new meet at every turn, and oppressed by a sense of what we have seen, we hasten from the noble masonry of Norman or old English days to take the train for the next stage of our pilgrimage, if indeed we are *pilgrims*, whose only staff is the ever-present umbrella, and whose scrip has sovereigns or Bank of England notes stuffed within, instead of the more pilgrim-like crust of bread or dole of alms. Within the old walls we seem for a moment to live in the past. Outside, the present asserts its claim upon us.

## XV.

### CAMBRIDGE.

IT was at “high noon” on a most oppressive summer day that we reached the vast plain embosomed in lofty trees where lies the ancient town of Cambridge. The ride from London had been hot and dusty almost beyond endurance, and it was with a sense of great relief that we exchanged our stuffy and stifling “first-class” railway carriage for the open “fly,” which quickly bore us to our comfortable inn.

“ Onward we drove beneath the Castle; caught  
While crossing Magdalene Bridge, a glimpse of Cam;  
And at the Hoop alighted, famous Inn.”

Wordsworth: *The Prelude*.

The “Hoop” no longer claims the foremost place among the hostceries of the University town, but it had been the resting-place of Wordsworth, and had honorable mention in his “Excursion,” and so we shut our eyes to the superior attractions and longer reckonings of the “Bull,” itself referred to in Milton’s verse, and were soon happily and comfortably domiciled in the quarters which had been ours only a few years before. Soon, refreshed and impatient to renew the memories of our earlier rambles through the town, we were threading our way among the winding, labyrinthal streets and lanes, over which for nearly nine centuries the feet of scholars and students have trod.

Our way led through the Master’s Court beside the “Lodge” where the famous William Whewell, Master of Trinity, lived and died, to S. John’s Gateway. Through this massive portal, bearing on its front the sculptured “Tudor rose” and Beaufort portcullis, with the Crown and “Marguerite” interspersed, the quaint device of the Foundress, Lady Margaret Beaufort, Countess of Richmond and Derby, and mother of King Henry VII., we entered the first and oldest court. Glancing, as we passed, at the magnificent chapel, a late erection from designs

by the celebrated Sir Gilbert Scott, we hastened through the successive quadrangles and over the cloistered bridge, spanning the Cam with its single arch, and beyond the gateway with its exquisitely groined roof of stone, sought the College grounds, where we rested amidst the most picturesque surroundings possible to conceive. The bold and massive river front of the quadrangle through which we had come ; the noble lantern-tower, rising one hundred and twenty feet ; the bridge which in itself is a charming bit of architecture ; the river mirroring all about its banks.—bridge, tower, and the waving flowers and shrubs on either side ; the long reach of meadows with the soft greensward relieved by shady trees artistically grouped or standing out in solitary grandeur ; all made up a most attractive scene, needing but the nightingale's note, which we had once heard in these grounds, to make our pleasure perfect. Here we sat on the grassy terraces with our pleasant party, among whom were the Bishop of Pennsylvania and Mrs. Stevens, until the light of day had faded out, and then "taking boat," we spent a lovely English-twilight hour rowing up and down the Cam. Crowds of pleasure-seekers filled the walks on the banks, or with us enjoyed the cool

of the evening on the narrow stream, till at length the lights faded out, the voices of the wanderers ceased, and as the evening bell rang its “curfew” note, we left the grounds ere the gates were closed and silence reigned within. At S. John’s, “rare Ben Jonson,” Robert Herrick, Thomas Otway, Matthew Prior, Mark Akenside, Henry Kirk White, and William Wordsworth, all poets of renown, were students; while in other walks of life, we reckon up the historic names of statesmen, authors and scholars whose deeds and words are part of England’s heritage of glory from the past. Cecil, Lord Burleigh; Wentworth, Earl of Stratford; Thomas Sutton, founder of the “Charterhouse”; William Wilberforce, the Christian philanthropist, were educated here, and from the quiet cloisters of S. John’s, Henry Martyn, leaving every earthly prospect behind him, went forth to die as a humble missionary in a distant land, and in his death to win an earthly immortality.

Several days were devoted to the various colleges and churches of this interesting town. Side by side with S. John’s stands Trinity, the noblest collegiate foundation in the world, whether we consider the number of its mem-

bers, the extent and grandeur of its buildings, or the long roll of illustrious men who have been educated within its walls. The “King’s Gateway” stands at the entrance of this “royal and religious foundation,” dedicated “in honor of the Holy and Undivided Trinity,” and bears—amidst canopies and elaborate tracery-work, surrounding and supporting the armorial bearings of kingly and noble founders and benefactors,—a statue of bluff Henry VIII., while within are the effigies of King James I., with his Queen and son, afterwards the unfortunate Charles I. There are four courts, the first being the most spacious collegiate quadra-angle in the world, and with its grouping of the Chapel, the Master’s Lodge, the lofty Conduit or Fountain, and the Hall and Combination Room of various styles of early English architecture and purposely differing in details as well as in picturesqueness, it affords one of the most impressive sights in Cambridge. In the Ante-Chapel are grouped statues of the highest order of merit of Lord Bacon, Sir Isaac Newton, Dr. Barrow, and Lord Macaulay, each a student of “Trinity.” The carving of the stalls of the choir is the work of the celebrated Grinling Gibbons, whose fruit and flowers seem to rival nature’s work.

In this chapel on “Surplice days,” at the choral service, one can see a “band of white-robed scholars,” numbering upwards of five hundred, kneeling at once in common prayer. The library contains Thorwaldsen’s beautiful statue of Lord Byron. Here are the autograph originals of Milton’s *Masque of Comus*, *Arcades* and *Lycidas*, and three different plans of *Paradise Lost*, each in turn discarded by the poet. Here too is the *Codex Augiensis*, a Greek and Latin manuscript of S. Paul’s Epistles, upwards of a thousand years old. From this renowned foundation of letters and learning have come Bacon, Barrow, Newton, and Porson, among the profound philosophers and scholars of the world. Its poets are the quaint and affected Donne, the divine Herbert, Cowley, Dryden, Crabbe, Byron, and latest but not least, Tennyson.

“ Fairer seems the ancient College, and the sunshine  
seems more fair;  
That he once has trod its pavement, that he once  
has breathed its air.”

Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, Queen Elizabeth’s favorite and victim; Erskine, Lord High Chancellor; Macaulay and Whewell, each renowned in his own particular sphere, may be added to the list, and these are but a few of the

many names of “Trinity” men which the world will not suffer to be forgotten.

Next to Trinity, we come to Gonville and Caius College, the latter name being pronounced “Keys,” its most common designation. This old foundation, dating back its origin to A. D. 1348, we enter by the “Gate of Humility,” the entrance having the inscription, “*Humilitatis*,” carved above its portal. The approach to the second court is through a more striking gateway, bearing on its front the word “*Virtutis*,” and on the other side “*Jo Caius posuit Sapientiae*,”—John Caius built this in honor of Wisdom. The third gateway, leading to the Schools and Senate House, is even more ornamented, and bears the inscription, “*Honoris*.” The plan of the founder was to inculcate the lesson, that through humility and virtue, one gains by wisdom, honor. There is in “Caius” little to impress one other than this quaint legend, cut in stone, and learned as we walk through the successive courts: and remembering that from this foundation the world has gained such men as William Harvey, discoverer of the circulation of the blood, Sir Thomas Gresham, founder of the Royal Exchange of London, Bishop Jeremy Taylor, and the non-juring

Bishop Jeremy Collier, and Lord Chancellor Thurlow, we pass on to “Clare.” Here, delightfully situated on the western bank of the Cam, with a single spacious court, and connected by a picturesque bridge of three arches with the “green fields beyond,” reached through a noble avenue of limes, is one of the two oldest foundations in Cambridge. Here, too, Hugh Latimer, Bishop and martyr, the saintly Nicholas Ferrar, the intellectual Cudworth, the eloquent Archbishop Tillotson, the pious Hervey, author of the “*Meditations*,” and the poet Gray were scholars.

Turning from stately “Clare,” we leave on the left Trinity Hall, and pass the University Library, the Senate House and the Schools, ere we reach the King’s Parade and approach the magnificent Chapel of King’s. We might have lingered in the Library,—which contains nearly a quarter of a million of printed books and MSS. with rarities, such as etchings by Rembrandt, and the MS. prayers belonging to King Edward VI.; imprints by Caxton, Faust, and Jansen, and the celebrated Codex of the Gospels and Acts in uncial letters on vellum, presented by Theodore Beza in 1581, which is one of the most ancient manuscripts of the Gospels extant,

—but King's College Chapel was before us, the chief object of attraction in Cambridge, and we hurried on. Familiar in our student days with the Library building of “Harvard,” the exterior of which in outline and in some minor features, was suggested, *sed longo intervallo*, by this magnificent structure, we were soon within its walls, impressed as we had rarely been before with its massive splendor. Begun by the meek and unfortunate Henry VI., it was nearly a century in building, but the work of these many years produced an edifice which must ever rank among the finest in Christendom.

“ They dreamt not of a perishable home  
Who thus could build.”

The style is perpendicular, and in its very sumptuousness of decoration, it shows the decline of the true principles of pointed architecture; but in its magnitude, being three hundred and sixteen feet in length, eighty-four feet in breadth, and the height of the interior seventy-eight feet, and of the corner turrets one hundred and forty-seven feet; in the glory of its matchless glass, and in the perfection of its condition, it must ever be regarded as one of the noblest architectural works of mediaeval days. The exterior is at once striking and grand; but the

interior is still more impressive. The “branching roof” of stone, is vaulted throughout with exquisite fan-tracery, unbroken by a single column. There are the

“ Storied windows richly dight,—  
Casting a dim, religious light.”

One is struck by the “awful prospective,” as Wordsworth styles it in his sonnets “Inside of King’s College Chapel”:—

“ Where light and shade repose, where music dwells.  
Lingering—and wandering on as loth to die;  
Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof  
That they were born for immortality.

The walls on the inside of the Ante-Chapel are ornamented with carved stone-work, most delicately executed. Crowned roses, portcullises, and fleurs-de-lis, the armorial devices of Henry VII., abound on every side. The choir is separated from the Ante-Chapel by a carved oaken screen, erected in 1534, when Anne Boleyn was Queen. The ornamentation is that of lovers’ knots, while a panel on one side displays the Boleyn arms impaled with those of the King. The stalls are of comparatively inferior workmanship and design. It is the stained glass, “the storied windows richly dight” of Milton’s *Il Penseroso*, which for brilliancy and

purity of color, artistic design and execution, completeness of arrangement and remarkable preservation, makes this Chapel worthy of special mention. Of the twenty-six immense windows, each nearly fifty feet in height, all but one are filled with imagery, the upper portions comprising subjects from the Old Testament, and the lower from the New, giving type and antitype. The richness and purity of the coloring, the grace and freedom of the drawing, the artistic skill displayed in the grouping, and the careful attention to the details of the scenes represented, have rarely been exceeded. Both the designs and workmanship are English, and to London artizans inspired by the munificence of Henry VII., these remarkable works of sacred art are due. Walsingham, Secretary of State to Queen Elizabeth, Bishop Pearson, the author of the Exposition of the Creed, Edmund Waller, the Poet of the Commonwealth, Robert Walpole, the statesman, and Horace Walpole, the man of letters, and the celebrated "Evangelical" preacher, Charles Simeon, are among the famous names on the books of King's.

Corpus Christi College is noticeable for its modern buildings, and also for the manuscripts in its library. Among these are the originals

of the XXXIX Articles, and many most valuable Reformation documents given by Matthew Parker, the first Archbishop of Canterbury after the yoke of Rome was thrown off. The Archbishop and several of his successors in the See of Canterbury, Lord Keeper Bacon, Kit Marlow and John Fletcher, the dramatists, Gough, the celebrated archæologist, and others no less distinguished in Church and State and in letters, are among the eminent men of Corpus Christi.

S. Catherine's, where Bradford, priest and martyr, Lightfoot, the eminent Hebraist, and Strype, the Ecclesiastical historian, were educated; Queen's, where Erasmus, when at Cambridge had his study at the top of the tower of the court still called by his name; the Pitt Press, or University printing house; Pembroke, associated with the names of Ridley, Bishop and martyr, John Rogers, priest and proto-martyr, Edmund Spenser, the poet of the "Faery Queen," Lancelot Andrews, the sainted Bishop of Winchester, Richard Crashaw, the poet, William Pitt, the statesman, and others; and "Peterhouse," the oldest collegiate foundation in Cambridge, founded by Hugh de Balsham, Bishop of Ely, in 1284, bring us in succession to the Fitzwilliam Museum, the last of the college

buildings in Trumpington street. Returning by another way, we pass by Downing College, the latest collegiate foundation, in the University, it having been opened in 1821, and shortly reach "Emmanuel" College, where we stopped to feed the swans, as we had earlier petted the spotted deer at Peterhouse. Christ's College was next on our way, famous for the mulberry tree planted in its garden by Milton when a student here. The trunk is much decayed, but it is carefully propped up and will doubtless live for many a year. We plucked a leaf and gazed awhile at this interesting relic ere we turned away. "Sidney Sussex," where Oliver Cromwell was a student, occupies the site of a Franciscan monastery. Jesus College, where Archbishop Cranmer, Laurence Sterne, the author of *Tristam Shandy*, and Samuel Taylor Coleridge were scholars, was of especial interest to us as the college of a dear friend in our own land. It stands amidst gardens and green fields, and of it King James I. remarked, "that if he lived in the University, he would pray at King's, eat at Trinity, and study and sleep at Jesus." This college is the only instance of a monastic establishment being transformed bodily into a college. It was a Benedictine nun-

nery, on the suppression of which the munificent Alcock, Bishop of Ely, converted it with its buildings, revenues and lands into the present noble foundation. The entrance gateway at the end of the long walk, is a striking and beautiful bit of brick and stone work, covered with ivy and opening into the first court, which with its green meadows in front and open sunny aspect, wears a most attractive look. The second court is entered through a beautiful though unpretending portal, and is surrounded by a venerable-looking cloister, occupying the site of the nunnery cloisters. The third court is small and of little account. The chapel is only second to that of King's in its beauty. It was the old church of S. Rhadegunde's, and has been restored with every care to reproduce the style and decorations of the early fabric. The carvings, glass, metal-work, and all the fittings of this sumptuous chapel are most creditable, as attesting the proficiency of modern art in reproducing the examples and models of an earlier day. An unique memorial of the original character of the foundation is a stone in the south transept bearing the inscription, MORIBUS ORNATA, JACET HIC BONA BERTA ROSATA.

Crossing "Magdalene Bridge" and passing

the site of the “Castle,” now destroyed, to which Wordsworth in his “Excursion” refers, we reach Magdalen College, which occupies the site of a Benedictine priory, established about 1430. Magdalen is specially interesting as containing the “Bibliotheca Pepysiana” and the original diary of Pepys, comprised in six volumes, closely written in short-hand, and containing in upwards of three thousand pages a daily record of every noteworthy public or private transaction from 1659 to 1669. Here too were most interesting collections of English and Scottish ballads, dating back to the earliest period, and other interesting literary treasures.

Such was our round of inspection, from hall to hall till all the colleges had been visited. The other notable sights of Cambridge were not overlooked. The famous Church of the Holy Sepulchre, which is in a fine state of preservation, is the oldest of the four round churches remaining in England. It was consecrated in the year 1101 and was doubtless built by some early crusader as a votive offering for a safe return from Holy Land. S. Giles is of even earlier date, having been founded in 1092, the chancel walls and arch being of that time. S. Peter’s, almost a ruin, is supposed to occupy the site of

a temple of Diana in the old Roman city of Camboritum. The Falcon Inn is an ancient mediæval hostelry just out of "Petty Cury" street. This is the oldest inn in Cambridge, and still retains its quaint and picturesque open gallery carried round the exterior of the second story. Hobson's Conduit brings to mind the famous carrier who has given a proverb to the English language, "Hobson's choice, this or none," by his strict requirement that his horses should have regular use and rest, and who is the subject of two epitaphs by no less a poet than Milton. S. Michael's Church, founded in 1324, is still one of the most seemly and creditable places of worship in Cambridge. The University Church, S. Mary the Great, dates its foundation back to 1478. S. Edward's was erected about 1350. S. Benedict's has a tower of Saxon architecture, one of the most perfect and interesting examples remaining in England. S. Mary the Less is a beautiful example of the decorated style, consecrated in 1347. S. Botolph's is of the late perpendicular architecture, and well repays a cursory examination.

Among our pleasant memories of Cambridge, is the recollection of a lunch at Canon Lightfoot's rooms in the Master's Court of Trinity. Amidst

the noble collection of books gathered by this unrivalled scholar we were most hospitably entertained, while the “lunch,” to which Bishop and Mrs. Stevens, as well as our own party, with some local notables, were invited, was one of the most delightful repasts we have ever enjoyed. Professor Lightfoot had been my next neighbor at a noble feast at the Charterhouse some weeks before, and earlier I had gone a long way to hear him preach a masterly sermon while in residence as Canon of S. Paul’s, and it was with great pleasure that we renewed our acquaintance thus agreeably in his own rooms and among the evidences of his learned labors. From the midst of his great work at the University he has since been removed to fill the Bishopric of Durham, and as the “Prince Bishop” of the North of England, we are confident that he will still win the golden opinions which have been his all through his remarkable career.

Regretfully declining numerous invitations to other festivities and pleasures, we turned away from Cambridge with feelings of love and interest second only to those with which we must ever regard its ancient rival, Oxford.

## XVI.

### KENSINGTON PALACE AND THE SAVOY.

IN his fascinating diary, that delightful Christian gentleman and Churchman, John Evelyn, records under date of February 25, 1690-1, these words: "I went to Kensington, which King William had bought of Lord Nottingham, and altered, but was yet a patched building; but with the gardens, however, it is a very neat villa, having to it the park and a straight new way through the park." It was at this "patched building," though a "palace," that we were left one bright Saturday afternoon after a charming drive through the parks, and we

failed not to remember, as we looked upon the dingy brick quadrangles and the quaint and unpalatial aspect of the structure, that Queen Victoria was born beneath these gabled roofs and here first learned that in her youth and inexperience she was the mistress of the noblest nation of Europe. As we drove through the paved courts to the apartments of our dear and honored friend, the Rev. Prebendary Bullock, the Chaplain of the Palace, we were reminded of an almost ludicrous mishap on occasion of an earlier visit to Kensington, when by our driver's blunder we were all but ushered into the drawing-rooms of the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise, in our effort to dine with the worthy Prebend of S. Paul's. The greetings over and our weariness relieved, we were shown about the palace and its pleasant grounds by our host, accompanied by his charming wife, the daughter of Dean Alford of Canterbury, and their children, our sweet little Margie and Edith, whose interest in their latest novelty, the Bishop of Haiti, gave way somewhat in behalf of another Bishop from a more distant See.

One could hardly sleep in our pleasant apartments, from the latticed windows of which the inner court with its quaint gables and cloisters

was visible, in view of the historic associations clustering around this irregular pile. Sir Christopher Wren at the bidding of the King had added a story to the old home of the Earl of Nottingham, and also built the south front, and from this beginning, the adornment of the palace became an absorbing passion with the phlegmatic William, occupying much of his time when in England and not forgotten even when in his continental home. Here Queen Mary died, after a solemn Sacrament, the Archbishops and Bishops who were in attendance receiving the consecrated elements with her. It was indeed as Bishop Burnet says: "God knows a sorrowful company, for we were losing her who was our chief hope and glory on earth." Here King William died. Here "good Queen Anne," as her end drew near, placed the Lord Treasurer's wand in the hand of the Duke of Shrewsbury, saying, "For God's sake, use it for the good of my people," and after hours of anxiety, during which the succession in the House of Hanover depended on a dying woman's return to consciousness, died and made no sign. Here George the II. died. Here Victoria, only daughter of Edward, Duke of Kent, was born and christened. Here the virgin Queen's first

council was held ; and here the Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, and the Princess Mary, younger daughter of the late Duke of Cambridge, reside.

We were to preach in the plain, unpretending chapel of the palace, and in the royal pew opposite the pulpit we saw the Princess Mary of Teck, with her brother-in-law, the Grand Duke of Mechlenburg, and his son, Prince George of Brunswick, and their dear little "serene highnesses," the children of the Princess Mary. The interest felt in the presence of an American prelate was evident. The little princes had for their Sunday instruction an account of the American Church, and of the Diocese of Iowa in particular, and after the service and sermon, throughout which they with their elders were most interested and attentive, these fair-haired, sweet-faced children waited on the steps of the palace to pay their respects to the preacher as he passed by to his apartments.

Well do we recall the pleasant hours spent at "Old Kensington." The rooms where we were so delightfully entertained were rich in treasures. In the cosey library, where our host,—whose loving labors for the Church of God extended all over the world through the venerable

Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, of which he was the chief executive officer.—sought in his moments of freedom from official care to find occupation in exegetical work, there was gathered a theological collection of great rarity. Many of Dean Alford's books were there, and a unique collection of the Dean's water-color sketches made during his vacation rambles at the English lakes, in the Highland, on the lovely Riviera, and in Northern Italy. Here too, around Prebendary Bullock's hospitable table, gathered Church notables from various parts of the world, making us familiar with men and scenes quite unknown before. And here amidst the varied attractions of the place and its occupants we enjoyed every moment, save when we thought that we noticed the failing strength and increasing languor of our beloved host, who, weary and worn with the work of the Church of God, has since our return laid down his pen and closed his comments on the word of God he loved so well, and has "fallen asleep." Old Kensington will be ever dear to us, not so much from its historic memories and the interest clustering around its royal occupants, but because we here last saw this honored servant of God who is now at rest in Paradise !

Turning aside from the noise and bustle of the Strand, one of London's most crowded thoroughfares, one is surprised and impressed to find the quiet of a country churchyard, where the crumbling memorials of the dead are mingled with the greensward and shaded by lilacs and plane trees. The eye rests lovingly on this sunny spot, with its open view of the river and the Thames Embankment, and the grey pinnacles of the Abbey, and the long reach of the Houses of Parliament melting in the distance in the haze of a London sky. Under the shadow of the venerable church which stands embowered amidst the trees, and where the headstones of the departed crowd this little bit of turf in the heart of busy London, once stood the Savoy Palace. Built by Peter, brother of Archbishop Boniface, and uncle of Eleanor of Provence, the wife of Henry III., it became, after the battle of Poitiers in 1356, the residence of the captive King of France. To this prison-home King John voluntarily returned in consequence of his inability to fulfil the conditions of his release; and here the royal prisoner died on the 9th of April, 1364. It was here that Chaucer married Philippa de Ruet, a lady of the household of Blanche, Duchess of Lancaster, and sister of

Catherine Swyneford, the second wife of John of Gaunt. While the Savoy was still the London house of the Duke of Lancaster, it was pillaged and burnt by the rebels under Wat Tyler, in consequence of the protection afforded by the Duke to the followers of Wickliffe. After its destruction the Savoy was rebuilt by Henry VII. as a hospital, dedicated to S. John the Baptist. This charity was finally suppressed in the reign of Elizabeth. After the Restoration, the Savoy Conference was held here for the revision of the Book of Common Prayer. Twelve Bishops met an equal number of leading Nonconformist divines, of whom the celebrated Richard Baxter was one. The remains of the palace have all disappeared, but it was in the church where we preached this lovely summer Sunday afternoon that the Liturgy restored by Queen Elizabeth on her accession to the throne was first read in the vernacular language. The style of architecture of the Savoy Chapel is perpendicular. It has a low bell-tower and a richly colored roof. As a royal Chapel, it has been twice restored through the charity of the Queen. Within its walls may be seen the brass of Gavin Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld, who is represented in Scott's Marmion as celebrating the marriage of De Wilton and the Lady Clare :

A bishop at the altar stood,  
A noble lord of Douglas blood,  
With mitre sheen and rocquet white,  
Yet show'd his meek and thoughtful eye  
But little thought of prelacy;  
More pleased that, in a barbarous age,  
He gave rude Scotland Virgil's page,  
Than that beneath his rule he held  
The bishopric of fair Dunkeld.

Another versifier, George Wither, the poet of the Commonwealth, lies here without a monument.

In this quiet nook there was a brilliant congregation for the special Sunday Sermon which the Vicar had announced. The service was choral, the choir boys wearing purple cassocks under their cottas, and a silver cross. The singing was delightful, and it was an occasion of no little interest to preach the everlasting Gospel on a spot so crowded with historic memories. The service over and the sermon done, we drove back to Old Kensington, and on the morrow took up afresh our pilgrimage.

## XVII

### WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

TO one who enters within the massive portals of Westminster Abbey for the first time, the impression of its grandeur and beauty cannot be other than profound. The transition from the outer world, bright with the glare of noon-tide, noisy with the ceaseless hum of traffic, or the tread of passers-by, to the solemnity and glory within, strikes the stranger with awe, and constrains even the most unimpressible visitor to pace with bated breath and hushed and faltering step these consecrated aisles where rest successive generations of the mighty dead. Here, in this shrine of Edward the Confessor, the last of

the Saxon Kings, there have gathered about his sacred ashes for eight hundred years the sepulchres of kings and king-like men. Here, standing before the high Altar and on the Confessor's grave, on that wild, wintry Christmas-day, A. D. 1066, William of Normandy, the founder of a new line of monarchs, surrounded by the vanquished Saxons and the victorious Normans, received the crown he had won, and in all succeeding years it is on this sacred spot, and amidst these solemn aisles, that the sovereigns who succeed to William's place and to more than the Conqueror's domain have had the same investiture. Here, since the days of Edward I., in an oaken chair with the "stone of Scone" embedded in its seat, the sovereigns of England for more than five hundred years have sat at coronation, resting during their investiture with regal dignity on the stone traditionally known as Jacob's Pillar, "a link which unites the Throne of England to the traditions of Tara and Iona," if not with the plains of Holy Land and the patriarch of old. Within these sacred walls have gathered the men of many generations since those early days when the impatient feet of mailed assassins followed the hapless fugitives of noble or royal birth even into the re-

cesses of the Sanctuary ; till now, when all the world in pilgrim guise comes to this House of God to admire its venerable beauty, to mingle in its stately services and each to seek beneath this lofty roof and amidst these crowding recollections of the past, “echoes of some memory, dear to himself alone.” More than a millennium of momentous history meets us at this shrine ; and in these sepulchres lie the great and good of England’s past for twelve hundred years. Here legends mingle with chronicles ; and the story of the ancient Church of Sebert, King of the East Saxons, built on the Isle of Thorns, the Abbey’s present site, and consecrated by no other hands than those of the Chief of the Apostles ; and the marvel of the revelation to the Confessor of the Child, “pure and bright like a spirit,” seen in the sacramental elements by the King, as well as by Leofric, Earl of Coventry, who, with the famed Godiva, his wife, was present at the consecration of the Host ; and the miracle of the cripple’s restoration when borne by the kindly king “obedient to the heavenly vision,” on his shoulders to the foot of the high altar, make this hallowed spot a meeting-ground of fact and fable, and invest the annals of the Confessor’s shrine with a wierd interest and a

lasting charm. There are remains still standing of the Confessor's work which replaced the humbler Church of Sebert built four hundred years before, and one can see stones laid over eight centuries ago in order where they shall continue undisplaced till time shall be no more. Two centuries after Edward's death, Henry III. became the second founder of the "Collegiate Church of S. Peter" at Westminster. Edward I. continued the work, and in 1502 Henry VII. pulled down the Lady Chapel and erected in its place the exquisite perpendicular chapel which bears his name. It is the richly-decorated buttresses of this portion of the Abbey that strike the eye of the observer who approaches from Parliament street, while from the square bearing the name of the Broad Sanctuary, one sees the varied outline of the whole structure, broken only by S. Margaret Church and disfigured solely by "Wren's poor towers." We paced again and again the marble pavement of this "antique pile," viewing now its marvellous architectural beauty, the springing arches resting their bases on clustered columns of massive size as they bear aloft the "arch'd and ponderous roof"; noticing the wonderful tracery cut in the imperishable stone above, around, beside us;

and now admiring the coloring which deepens the shadows amidst the quiet chapels and along the fretted aisles, and floods the tombs of Kings and warriors, priests and poets, courtiers and commoners, with rainbow hues.

It was not till we were somewhat wonted to the spot, and aisles and cloisters, cenotaphs and effigies, had become in a measure familiar to our eyes, that we could shake off the overpowering sense of grandeur and awe, and address ourselves to the task of a closer inspection. It was then that we began to realize the presence of the mighty dead. Fourteen monarchs of England lie here amidst their nobles and warriors. Fourteen queens are here entombed, with numerous princes and princesses of royal blood. It is Macaulay who reminds us that this is "the great temple of silence and reconciliation, where the enmities of twenty generations lie buried;" and so, as we pass "through rows of warriors and through walks of kings," we are confronted by the memorials of rival dynasties and contending parties. Almost side by side rise the stately monuments of Mary, Queen of Scots, and her rival and murderer, Queen Elizabeth. Here, too, rests "Bloody" Mary, and the boy King, Edward VI., whom Hooker says, that "though

he died young, he lived long, for life is in action." Near by, the remains of Cromwell were laid among those of the Kings, into whose place he had thrust himself, and hence they were taken at the Restoration, to be dragged to Tyburn, hanged, decapitated, and buried under the gallows. Archbishop Ussher, the pride of scholars and the glory of Ireland's Church; the Earl of Clarendon, the incorruptible statesman and the historian of the Great Rebellion; the Duke of Marlborough, England's most successful commander; Lord Howe, the captor of Ticonderoga, and the friend of the American colonies; Wolfe, the conqueror of Quebec; Burgoyne, whose surrender cost England the loss of the thirteen colonies; the unfortunate Andre, whose fate two hostile nations mourned; Lord Chatham, Wm. Pitt, Fox, Grattan, Canning, Peel, Palmerston, Warren Hastings, William Wilberforce—these are among the names of the great and good the eye of the pilgrim notes as he wanders through aisles and cloisters, chapels and choir. But it is in the Southern Transept, known for years as the "Poets' Corner," that one's interest culminates. Here rests Geoffrey Chaucer, "well of English undefiled," who died in the precincts and was buried in the

Abbey, October, 1400. Here Edmund Spenser, who also died near by, in King Street, Westminster, was buried. The poets of his day followed the bier, and elegies and poems with the pens that wrote them, were thrown into the open grave. Think for a moment of the scene at the obsequies of the author of the *Faerie Queene*, at which Francis Beaumont, John Fletcher, Ben Jonson, and we can hardly doubt, Shakespeare himself, were present. Think of the “grave in which the pen of Shakespeare may be mouldering away!” The famous inscription cut in the blueish marble, “Rare Ben Jonson,” is the simple memorial of Shakespeare’s friend, whose remains are buried standing upright, awaiting the Resurrection. Davenant, whose name tradition links with Shakespeare’s, and facts, with Milton’s career, lies in the grave into which that gossiping chronicler, Pepys, looked, with curious eyes. Here rests Cowley, some of whose lines the world will never suffer to be forgotten, at whose burial, John Evelyn tells us, nobles, bishops, clergy, and all “the wits of the town,” were present. John Dryden, educated at Westminster school, where his name is still to be seen carved on a school bench, is buried at Chaucer’s

feet, so close that the father of modern English poetry was almost laid in the grave of the father of ancient English poetry. Monuments of Milton, Butler, Shakespeare, Goldsmith, Thompson, Gay and Watts, have here their places. Steele and Addison, Richard Congreve, Matthew Prior, John Gay, Dr. Johnson, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Thomas Campbell, and Lord Macaulay, have each a monument here. It was with no little emotion, that, as we were looking at the "storied urns and animated busts" around us, we suddenly chanced to note at our feet, the freshly cut letters, "Charles Dickens." Memorials of Southeby, Wordsworth and Thackeray, are near at hand. David Garrick is here commemorated by a monument, with all the emblems of the tragic muse, which provoked the criticism of the gentle "Elia." Statues of Mrs. Siddons and John Philip Kemble, the one by Chantly and the other by Flaxman, add their proof that from this mausoleum of England's noble dead, actors are not shut out. Purcell, whose exquisite chants and anthems are still sung in churches and cathedrals all over the world, has a memorial here, and so has Handel, who breathed his last, as he had devoutly wished to do, "on Good Friday, in hopes, he said, of

meeting his good God, his sweet Lord and Saviour, on the day of his resurrection." And so we might go on to speak of Newton's splendid monument, at the base of which we sat one Summer Sunday evening, listening to the elaborated periods and graceful elocution of the celebrated Dean Stanley; and the memorials of the learned Barrow, the inimitable South, and that prince of pedagogues, Dr. Busby; of Granville Sharp, scholar and philanthropist; of Watt and Stephenson, the great engineers; of Thomas Parr, who lived through the ten reigns from Edward IV. to Charles I., and died at the age of 152. A scratched monogram of his well-known name on Isaac Casaubon's memorial tablet, with the date 1658, is the work of that genial churchman and fisherman, Izaak Walton, to whose grave in a distant cathedral, we had earlier made our loving pilgrimage.

Passing from these memorials of the dead who live in song and story, to our own recollections, there are two reminiscences which we cannot fail to record. The burial of a bishop who had been one of the most noted scholars of his day, was one of these noteworthy events of our visit, and a sermon in the Abbey by an American clergyman is even yet of so rare

occurrence as to make its mention pardonable in a recital of personal experiences. Joining the crowd filling the nave, transepts and choir, of this glorious temple, one beautiful summer day, we waited the coming of the procession which was to bear the Bishop of St. David's, the scholarly Thirlwall, to his honored grave. The sunlight with myriad hues filled the interior and made everything bright and glorious. Solemn music from the grand organ at length announced the entrance of the funeral train. Preceded by the venerable Verger, bearing his ponderous silver mace, the surpliced choir, the Dean, wearing the Collar of the Garter, and Canons, and clergy, with scholars and friends, moved in solemn state, bearing the coffin of polished oak, with a full length Latin cross of brass, resting upon its top. The pall was borne by six prelates, the Archbishop of Canterbury, whose train was supported by a chorister boy, and the Bishops of London, Winchester, Ely, St. David's and Melbourne. As the cortege moved through the narrow space railed off from the crowd of interested spectators, the sombre aisles and arches re-echoed the solemn melody of Croft's burial anthem, "I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord," "I know that my Re-

deemer Liveth," "We brought nothing into this World and it is certain we can carry nothing away." Entering the gates of the choir the Bishops passed to their places on either side of the magnificent altar, the Archbishop taking his position at the north side, and the Bishop of London at the Epistle side, while the other Prelates were grouped around. The Dean and clergy occupied their accustomed stalls, and as the body rested upon the altar rail, the choir sang the 50th Psalm, the second of the two set forth in the English office, which have been somewhat abbreviated and united in a single anthem in our own. Grating strangely on the strains of the *Domine refugium*, were the incongruous sounds of the workmen, who were with pick and bar, enlarging somewhat the dimensions of the grave, but as the minor notes of the chant modulated into the melody of the *Gloria Patri*, the work was done, and nothing marred the effect of the funeral lesson, read solemnly and distinctly by the venerable Archdeacon Jennings, from his stall. At the close of the lesson, the Dean and Precentor passed through the west door of the choir to the south Transept, where the grave awaited its tenant, while the funeral procession left by the gate nearest to the altar

rails. Here the choristers resumed the service as musically arranged by Croft, "Man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live and is full of misery," changing to Purcell's exquisite anthem "I Heard a Voice from Heaven," following the committal, which was read by the Dean in his sonorous voice, the sound of the "earth to earth" upon the metal cross of the coffin-lid, giving forceful emphasis to his words. The sentences and prayers were read by the Dean with great pathos, while the musical "Amens" rang through the Abbey their melodious refrain. Before the closing benediction, Handel's funeral anthem, with the appropriate words, "His body is buried in peace, but His Name liveth forever," was admirably rendered by the choir, ending in an outburst of triumphant song. The open grave was filled with wreaths and chaplets of all the bright hues of midsummer, and, after this mark of affection and regard, the funeral train retired, the organ pealing forth the strains of the magnificent "Dead March in Saul." Slowly the crowd of spectators left the church. They had given most reverent attention from first to last, though to many the eye could not see, and the ear but imperfectly hear, what was being done within the Cloir and Transept,

but the impressions of the place and scene were evidently profound, and even on emerging into the noon day glare and bustle without, one and all went silently away, leaving behind the mortal remains of a great and gifted Bishop of the Church of God, in his last resting place, till the day of doom.

The Dean over whose household there had been thrown a lasting gloom by the recent demise of his wife, the beloved Lady Augusta Stanley, who was the friend of royalty and of the poor as well, had kindly sent us an invitation to his historic home, and the visit was one to be remembered, bringing out, as our conversation did, the Dean's wonderful acquaintance with the history, not only of the Church of England, but of our own less widely-known communion. It was in pleasant recognition of kindred tastes, and doubtless intended as a graceful act of intercommunion, that on our return from the continent we were invited to preach in the Abbey one Sunday afternoon in October, 1875, and the theme suggested to us was that of "Anglo-American Sympathy with Continental Reform," \*involving the re-

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\*The sermon was published in London immediately after its delivery and placed on the list of the Anglo-Continental Society, whose cause it most heartily advocated.

cital of personal impressions and experiences at the then recent Conference of the Old Catholics at Bonn. Two other priests of the American Church had earlier occupied the Abbey pulpit; our old instructor and rector, Dr. Alexander H. Vinton, and a fellow student at "Harvard," who had become the most distinguished of the preachers of the American Church, Dr. Phillips Brooks. It was with no little anxiety and apprehension that the invitation to stand in such a place and preach to such an audience as gathered to these special services, was accepted, but, reassured by Dean Stanley's kindly welcome, as we presented ourselves at the Abbey in "surplice, stole and hood," and with Oxford cap, agreeably to the instructions we had received, we were shortly on our way, preceded by the Verger and followed by the Dean, together with choristers and canons, to the choir, which was filled, together with the Transepts, and out into the nave. The service was choral and so sweetly sung as to calm one's agitation and fit the mind for the full enjoyment of the Church's praise and prayer. After the third Collect, a Verger escorted me from my seat within the Altar rail, to the pulpit, and catching the note of the Abbey as I prefaced my sermon with

the Collect and Lord's Prayer, I was soon in the midst of my discourse, happily conscious that my words were heard. Soon the Ascription announced that the duty had been discharged, and, after the prayers which followed the sermon, the procession formed for the return to the Deanery. A few kindly words from the Dean prefaced his thoughtful proffer of being my guide to some portions of this historic pile, not generally accessible.

It was indeed a privilege to visit with the historian and custodian of the Abbey, the famed Jerusalem Chamber, where King Henry IV. died on the 20th day of March, 1413, agreeably to an old prophesy to which Shakespeare alludes,

"Bear me to that Chamber; there I'll lie—  
In that Jerusalem shall Harry die."

It was in this historic room that the strange conversion of Prince Henry, from the dissoluteness of youth to the soberness and devotion which marked his after life, occurred, which Monstrelet chronicles and Shakespeare has immortalized. Here, too, during the great rebellion, the Westminster Assembly of Divines met day after day, while preparing the Directory, the Longer and Shorter Catechism, and the Confession of Faith, which are still the symbol-

ical books of Presbyterianism. In the spacious library, filled with valuable books and pictures of noted Deans, there has been found within the last few years an opening into a secret chamber, which was doubtless the scene of the conspiracy of the Abbot William, of Colchester, to which Shakespeare makes mention in the last part of *Ricard II.* Here, doubtless, the Jacobite Atterbury plotted the restoration of the House of Stuart, and the proclamation of James III., at Charing Cross. In this house, Elizabeth Woodville, Queen of Edward IV., took refuge twice, and here Edward V. was born and baptized, while the Queen mother was in "Sanctuary," and here she parted forever with her sons. Full of most suggestive memories was every step we took, and every spot we looked upon. It was late ere I bade my kind guide a grateful farewell and returned to our London home in Euston Square.

## XVIII.

### LONDON STREETS AND LONDON SIGHTS.

WE are treading, as we wend our way through the myriad streets and among the more than myriad sights of the world's metropolis, amid the scenes of the lives and labors of successive generations for more than two millenniums. Geoffrey of Monmouth, an old British chronicler, gossips of the foundation of this city by the Trojan Brute, after the likeness of great Troy, before that built by Remulus and Remus, a thousand years before the coming of Christ, but without resort to legend there is no doubt but that the "Londinium," spoken of as "illustrious," by Tacitus, was built on the site of a

British city whose origin and annals are lost in the twilight of history. Fragments of the old Roman walls built in the fourth century still exist, laid stone upon stone, as these old master-builders placed them ; and one passes through thoroughfares to-day which bear the names of Aldgate, Bishopsgate, Cripplegate, Aldersgate, and Ludgate, and mark the approaches to the “city” as they did in the age of Constantine. The *debris* of centuries has raised the modern city much above the level of the London of the Romans, but the remains of tessellated pavements, cinerary urns, lachrymatories, and the red Samian ware, attest the extent and opulence of the “Colony.” Here thousands of Romans and their allies fell before the cruel vengeance of the outraged Boadicea. Ashes of wood and molten glass and blackened pottery, found in our own days, a score of feet and more below the surface, tell of the consuming fire with which the incensed Queen sought to burn out all traces of foreign rule and occupancy. For more than two centuries the silence of desolation and ruin brooded over the spot, and there is no mention of London in history. In Saxon days, Ethelbert founded S. Paul’s in the year 610. The Danes made the city a stronghold and the traces

of their presence and power are yet found in the names of localities and churches still retained after the vicissitudes of twelve hundred years. Driven out by Alfred the Great it was not for years and only after varying fortunes of war that Edmund Ironside was the first monarch to be crowned in this, the foremost city of the land. Edward, the Confessor, built the Abbey and Palace of Westminster, and the grateful Londoners resisted for a time with success the entrance of the Conqueror, though at length he secured the submission of the people and received the keys of the city and the crown of England at the Confessor's tomb. The charter granted by King William is still preserved at Guildhall, and under this simple document, the Norman Mayor taking the place of the Saxon Portreeve as a designation of the highest civic dignitary, the city has grown with successive centuries to be the world's mart of trade, and the leading centre of its population. The chapters in this city's annals, the story of its development through the successive centuries, its very broils and tumults, its religious and political martyrdoms, its connection with various or contending dynasties, its commercial importance and the control it has exercised over public opinion and

modern thought, all form a part of the history of our race.

The very names of London streets and sites teach us lessons in history, as we, in the language of Shakespeare,

—“Satisfy our eyes  
With the memorials and things of fame,  
That do renown this city.

From many examples we select a few. It is Dr. Johnson who says, “I think the full tide of existence is at Charing Cross.” Modern research refuses to find the derivation of the name of this interesting part of London in the title of Queen Eleanor, the beloved wife of Edward I., “*La Chere Reine*,” that “pious, modest, gentle woman, a lover of the English,” whose memorial adorns this busiest spot of all the world. The fact, however, remains, that the bereaved King here erected the last and most magnificent of the nine crosses which marked the resting places of the good Queen’s body on its way, from Lincoln where she died, to Westminster, where her hallowed ashes lie. Few others than this loving and loved woman have had their memorial newly raised and their virtues freshly and deeply cut in the enduring stone a thousand years after their life had passed away! At

Charing Cross we are on the Strand along which the ceaseless surging tide of life and labor ever ebbs and flows. Its name reminds us that once it followed the *strand* or shore of the Thames, though now quite out of sight of the mighty stream. Near by is Covent Garden, the convent garden of Westminster, and now the fruit and flower mart of London, keeping thus its old name as well as its earlier associations, and being, as Thackeray describes it, a "common centre into which Nature showers her choicest gifts, and where the kindly fruits of the earth often nearly choke the narrow thoroughfares."

Following the Strand we notice the church of S. Clement Danes, the name of which has for over a thousand years borne witness of these turbulent invaders of England and the clemency of Alfred the Great, as well, who, in banishing the aliens whom he had conquered, suffered those who had married English wives to remain behind. Temple Bar has passed away, but its associations with literature and politics will ever cling to its site, while the Temple Church and the Inns of Court carry the visitor back in mind to the days of that famed order of religious knights, who, in their efforts for the recovery of

the Holy Sepulchre, have left behind them even in the midst of busy London, abundant traces of their pride and power. Smithfield will ever bring to recollection its old time Tournaments, described on Froissart's glowing page ; the turbulent scene when the "poor commons" lost their rebel leader, Wat Tyler, by the trenchant dagger of the Lord Mayor Walworth ; its wagers of battle in which the right did not always overcome opposing might ; its solemn martyrdoms where the souls of reformers went home to God "in chariots and flames of fire ;" its Bartholomew's fair ; and its modern cattle market. Who will fail to connect Christ's Hospital, well styled by Bishop Middleton, "the noblest institution in the world," not only with the noted "Blue Coat Boys," who have risen to note in after years, but with good "Master Ridley," Bishop of London, who suggested the foundation of this famous school, and the boy King, Edward VI., who carried out the Bishop's plan. Nor may we forget the former occupants of this spot, the Grey Friars, who had for three hundred years held this site and made their religious house famous throughout the land. S. John's Gate, which Dr. Johnson, as Boswell tells us, "beheld with reverence," has not only its modern

and *Johnsonian* connection with the “Gentleman’s Magazine,” but is well worthy of reverent memory as the last relic of the noble priory of the Knights of S. John of Jerusalem. It is in “Clerkenwell,” suggestive of the clerks, or clergy, well of curative power as mediaeval legends tell, that this old-time relic stands, and we visited it in company with our dear friend and host, the Master of the Charterhouse, with much of the same spirit in which the ponderous lexicographer sought the spot. What is the Tower but an epitome of English history rubricated in blood, blistered with the tears of mortal anguish? We walk these London streets and we turn aside to see these historic sights with the flood tide of recollection bringing back to mind the men and scenes of all past time.

One cannot go amiss in London. Are you sauntering through Fleet street, named from that polluted stream, now happily concealed from view,

“ Than whom no sluice of mud  
With deeper sable blots the silver flood?”

It was here that the “Devil Tavern” stood till a century since, where the Apollo Club had its meetings under the rhymed rules Ben Jonson wrote and where Swift and Addison and Dr.

Johnson dined from time to time. Here is the "Cock" unchanged within from the style and days of James I., where Pepys came when he would be "mighty merry," and where Tennyson was wont to resort, and the "plump head waiter," of which he apostrophises in "Will Water-proof's Lyrical Monologue." Here, too, the genial angler, Izaak Walton, lived at the corner of Chancery Lane, and just beyond the poet Drayton had his home, in a bow-windowed house still contrasting its old-time architecture with the tasteless erections of our modern days. Close at hand Cowley was born, and in the happy days of boyhood gave his hours to the study of a folio copy of the *Faerie Queene*, which had its place on his mother's window-sill, till he became "irrecoverably a poet." In Aldersgate street, Milton had his "pretty garden-house." In Jewin street, near by, he married for the third time. He died in Bunhill Fields, and his grave is still to be seen in S. Giles', Cripplegate. In Bishopsgate street is Crosby Hall, now an eating-house, but one of the finest examples of the domestic architecture of the fifteenth century to be found in England. Shakespeare refers again and again to Crosby Hall, and in this palace home Richard III., when Duke of Glou-

cester lived, while planning his nephew's removal from the throne. Here Sir Thomas More lived and wrote the life of the usurping King Richard. Here the first Earl of Northampton wooed and won, by a lover's strategem, the lovely Elizabeth Spencer, the greatest heiress in England. Here the Countess of Pembroke lived, "Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother," whose epitaph, by Ben Jonson, is so widely known and admired. Amidst these and other crowding associations with the history and literature of the past, we lunched right royally, conning our guide-books between the courses and quite admiring the thrift which thus provides for the outer and inner man. Who can rightly tell the impressions made upon the stranger as he passes from room to room, by gate after gate, out upon the bloody "green" of the Tower? A volume would not contain the annals of the palace of Westminster and old S. Stephen's Hall. Who can fail to make the pilgrimage to Whitehall, where the "royal martyr" laid his head upon the block to die by the executioner's blow; or, if in another vein, pass lovingly the South Sea House, where the gentle Elia had his desk and duty through his years of patient toil; or, at the "nooning" seek, it may

be, the noted “Dolly’s Chop House,” under the shadow of S. Paul’s; or, visit the cool and spacious “Rainbow,” where Dickens was wont to resort, or lunch at the dingy “Cheshire Cheese,” where the wits of the day are apt to congregate; or at the “Mitre,” where Johnson was a frequent visitor. Thus are the shops, the streets, the inns, the very pavements, peopled with the men of letters and history, whose lives seem to confront us as we walk abroad, while their memorials guard their ashes in the cloisters of England’s mausoleum of her mighty dead at Westminster. Day after day we paced the countless highways and byways of this mighty city, seeking, as pilgrims, the homes and sepulchres of the dead. They lived again in our mind and memory as our feet trod the holy ground they trod, and our eyes looked out upon the sights and scenes they saw. Thus, though a man die, he shall live again and forever, even in the places which shall know his bodily presence no more, if he has lived wisely and well—not for himself but for others.

## XIX.

### THE CLOSING DAYS.

BEFORE leaving for the continent we were to preach at S. Paul's. An earlier invitation extended by the Dean and Chapter we had been forced to decline, in consequence of other engagements, but on the first Sunday in August we officiated in that stately Cathedral, which is the centre of so many and such potent Church activities. It was one of Canon Liddon's Sundays in residence, and not at the least of one's unwillingness to speak in such a place and to such a auditory as gathers there thrice every Lord's day, was the presence of confessedly

the greatest orator of the Church of England. But Canon Liddon was an old friend with whom we had spent several days on the continent in that charming University town on the Rhine, Bonn, where the Old Catholic Conference of 1875 was held, and his kindness soon put the preacher at ease. The service was as usual. The noble choir rendered the "Evensong" with their accustomed sweetness and power. That grand old organ gave forth its noblest strains under the touch of the celebrated Dr. Stainer, and escorted by the Vergers and accompanied by Canon Liddon, we took our place in the long procession of choristers and clergy, and, after one of Sterndale Bennett's anthems, preached to the thousands filling the space under the dome and far out into the transepts and nave. The sea of heads before one was of itself exhilarating. The kindly hint of the Canon, to address one's self to a prominent statue of Sir Joshua Reynolds, on the opposite side of the nave, to avoid awakening the echoes from above, was not lost, and it was a satisfaction, after the ordeal was passed, to learn that the sermon was audible to the crowd of auditors, some of whom, oddly enough, chanced to be from far away Iowa. One of the "Hymns Ancient and Modern," was

sung and the service closed, the congregation standing as the procession of choristers and clergy passed to the apse. Ere the pulpit was fairly left an officious reporter clamoured in vain for the manuscript of the sermon for publication, and, as afterwards appeared, had his revenge for the refusal in issuing a most inaccurate report. The Canon kindly gave his thanks with his parting salutations, and one of the long-to-be-remembered events of one's life was over.

Briefly must we allude to the Sheffield Church Congress, where we were most hospitably entertained at the beautiful mansion of Mr. Alderman Moore, of Ashdell Grove. Our host was one of the leading men of Sheffield, and he and his son, the Rev. H. H. Moore, M. A., Vicar of Darwen, were untiring in their efforts to render our visit to Sheffield and its surroundings most pleasant. The meetings of the Congress were interesting and instructive. Crowds attended each discussion, and the utmost capacities of the two largest halls in the town were insufficient to accommodate all who sought to attend the debates and addresses. Our own part was to give an account of the Cathedral of the Diocese of Iowa, and the simplicity of its organization, the economy of its management, and the

efficiency with which the results sought were attained, elicited great praise at the time, and later, secured a gratifying public recognition from the English Church press. The most interesting meeting in connection with the Congress was the gathering of thousands of Sheffield workingmen, who listened with an enthusiasm we have rarely seen excelled, to the addresses of the Archbishop of York, the Bishops of Carlisle and Manchester, who spoke with directness and earnestness, as well as simple, unaffected eloquence, moving all hearts. A day on the moors, where we were taken by our kind hosts, to the Alderman's "shooting-box," and the pleasant hours at the home circle, are not to be forgotten among our many cherished memories of English hospitality. It was here that we learned to know and love the wife of our host and the mother of our dear friend, the Vicar of Darwen, who, in her gentle, winsome womanliness, won our hearts, and is remembered by us most lovingly, now that she has "fallen asleep." Alas! that so many whom we met and found so dear to us during these happy summer days abroad, have passed from earth. We shall see them no more till we meet them in the home above!

The end draws near. We had met the Arch-

bishop of Canterbury, with his family, at our hotel, the Beau Rivage, in Geneva, Switzerland, and Mrs. Tait had arranged for a visit at Addington Park, one of his Grace's summer residences, just before we sailed. We could only give a couple of days to this visit, but our welcome was so hearty, and the pains taken for our pleasure so unceasing, that the remembrance of each moment is still a source of delight. The inner life of the Primate of All England is as simple and saintly as that of the most ascetic of his predecessors in the seat of S. Austin. The day of work begins and ends with the Church's prayers, and the intervening hours are spent by each and all the household alike in the discharge of deeds of mercy and benevolence, or else in words of kindness and love. We were at Addington Park, as we had been again and again at Lambeth Palace, while the shadow of a great, and so far as earth is concerned, a hopeless sorrow brooded over the bereaved household. But they sorrowed not as those without hope, for the pure and winning life which had been so suddenly and mysteriously ended. And now, as we review the walks and drives, the conversations and the marked attentions which were ours at this brief visit, and remember that

the beloved wife, the devoted mother, sleeps in Jesus, reunited in the Paradise of God with the only son and the earlier lost to earth, we reverently thank God for the good example, the pure conversation, and the sweet and saintly life of Catherine Tait. Little thought we, as with tearful eyes and yet with the full consolation of a high and holy hope, she pointed out to us the new-turfed resting-place of her son, whom we had met on our own shores, that in a few weeks she would be lying beside him in the dust of the earth, awaiting a joyful resurrection. It was a privilege to have seen and known this lovely woman, and to have had a glimpse of the home life which was so soon to be disturbed. Thanks be to Him Who breathed benedictions on those who mourn, that He, the gracious Saviour, has whispered peace to the beloved husband and the orphaned daughters of this stricken family!

A few days at Oxford, with kind Mrs. Combe and our dear friends, Prof. and Mrs. Montagu Burrows, a hurried visit at the hospitable Deanery at Chester, which we had left for the steamer once before, and we were again on the Atlantic, favored with pleasant gales, wafting us homeward to our work.

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